

★ Dec. 18, 1943

THE

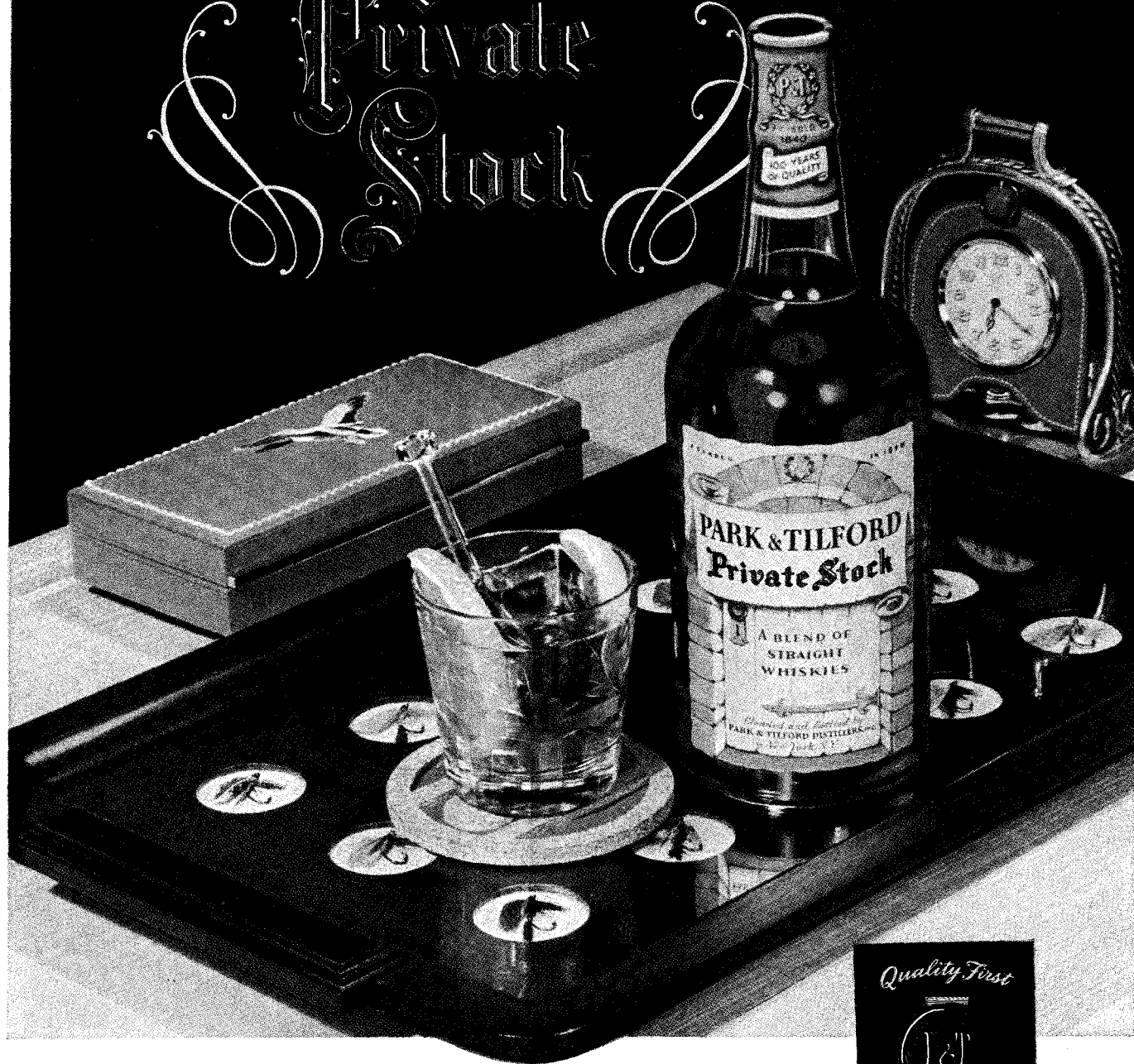
Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER



PARK & TILFORD

Private Stock



A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN WHISKIES
HAS MADE IT

America's Luxury Whiskey



PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

To be read before the 4TH War Loan Drive

ONE DAY SOON, someone will come to see you.*

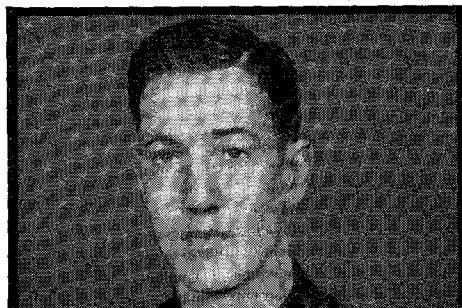
He, or she, will ask you to lend your Government at least an extra \$100 this month. To put at least an extra \$100, over your regular Bond buying, into War Bonds for the 4th War Loan.

Don't—*don't* say you can't afford it even though you may wonder how you're going to get that money.

If you think that getting the money is going to be hard, why, before the doorbell rings, look at the faces of these dead countrymen of yours. Read their stories.

Then think how hard it would be to have to tell Americans like these that *other* Americans can't afford to lend *at least* an extra \$100!

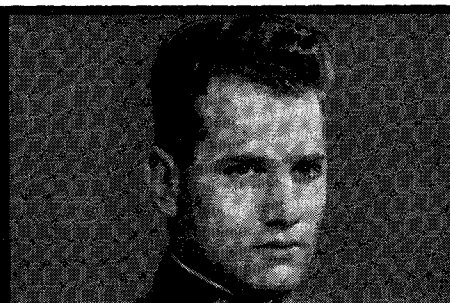
**If, by chance, you should be missed—don't think your money isn't needed! Go and buy those extra Bonds, yourself!*



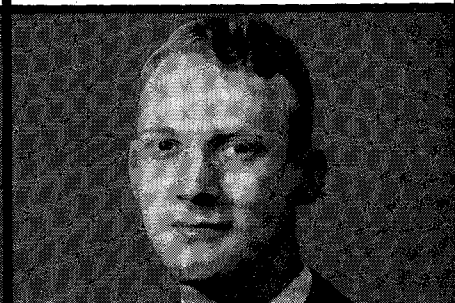
Lieutenant William G. Farrow was one of Jimmie Doolittle's Tokio raiders. His plane made a forced landing in Japanese territory and Lieutenant Farrow is believed to be one of the American aviators who was executed by the Japanese some time later.



Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan commanded the U.S.S. San Francisco. Driving his ship straight through the midst of a greatly superior Jap fleet, he directed operations from the deck of his flagship until blown to pieces by a Jap shell.



Lieutenant George H. Cannon, U.S.M.C., was mortally wounded during the Jap bombardment of Midway, Dec. 7th. He refused to be taken to a hospital till all his men had been evacuated, and as a result, he died of loss of blood.



Lieutenant Alexander Nininger fought his way, hand-to-hand, into the Jap lines on Bataan. Wounded 3 times, he continued to advance until he was killed. When his body was found, a Jap officer and two Jap soldiers lay dead around him.



Seaman first class James R. Ward was stationed in a gun turret in the Oklahoma on Dec. 7th. When the order was given to abandon ship, he stayed in his turret holding a flashlight so that the rest of the crew could see to escape. He was drowned.



Captain Albert H. Rooks was commanding officer of the U.S.S. Houston. Engaging an overwhelming Jap force, the Houston smashed into them and went down, guns blazing. Rooks went down with his ship.



Keep backing the attack!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ANOTHER LOVE STORY—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. Among those in the cast are Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this original and hair-raising comedy, which is rounding out its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHERTS—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. No performances Sun., Mon., Fri., and Sat., Dec. 19, 20, 24, and 25. Other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 16 and 18, and Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 22 and 23, at 2:40.)

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE—A rather drastic simplification of Richard Hughes' extraordinary novel, but still with a good deal of humor and charm. Oscar Homolka is a fine pirate, and Abby Bonime is touching as the eldest of the kidnapped children. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 18.)

JANIE—A comedy of adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. With Linda Watkins. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

KISS AND TELL—A typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LOVERS AND FRIENDS—High-toned British triangle play about the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell, however, is as fascinating as ever, and her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and racial intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. With Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Fredric Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reeducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25.

except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who puts up a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Corps is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than two hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. A benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

CARMEN JONES—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	79
BOOKS	80
THE CURRENT CINEMA	57
MUSICAL EVENTS	77
OF ALL THINGS	66
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	59
THE THEATRE	54

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

EARLY TO BED—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard also appear, and there is characteristic music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Betty Garde, and Celeste Holm. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—This Nash-Perelman-Weill comedy won't replace "Oklahoma!" but it is very handsome and engaging just the same. Mary Martin is a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Agnes De Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-8688. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WHAT'S UP—Some aviators come down at a girls' school, providing the authors with quite a plot. However, Jimmy Savo is briefly visible, and there are a lot of pretty girls, so perhaps you might do worse. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

FEATHERS IN A GALE—A play by Pauline Jamerson and Reginald Lawrence, with Peggy Conklin and Norman MacKay. Staged by Arthur Hopkins and produced by Mr. Hopkins and Martin Burton. Opens Tues., Dec. 21. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LISTEN, PROFESSOR!—An adaptation by Peggy Phillips of the Soviet play "Mashenka," with Dudley Digges. Staged by Sanford Meisner and produced by Milton Baron, Jean Muir, and Toni Ward. Opens Wed., Dec. 22. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK CITY CENTER—"Susan and God," with Gertrude Lawrence and Conrad Nagel. Eves. at 8:40, through Sat., Dec. 18. Mat. Sat., Dec. 18, at 2:40. . . . "The Patriots," with Walter Hampden, Julie Hayden, and Cecil Humphries. Mon. through Thurs. Eves., Dec. 20-23, and Sat. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat., Dec. 22, 23, and 25, at 3. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

BENEFIT—"Fun for Freedom," a variety show with a lot of Broadway entertainers, for Spanish Loyalist refugees. Sun., Dec. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

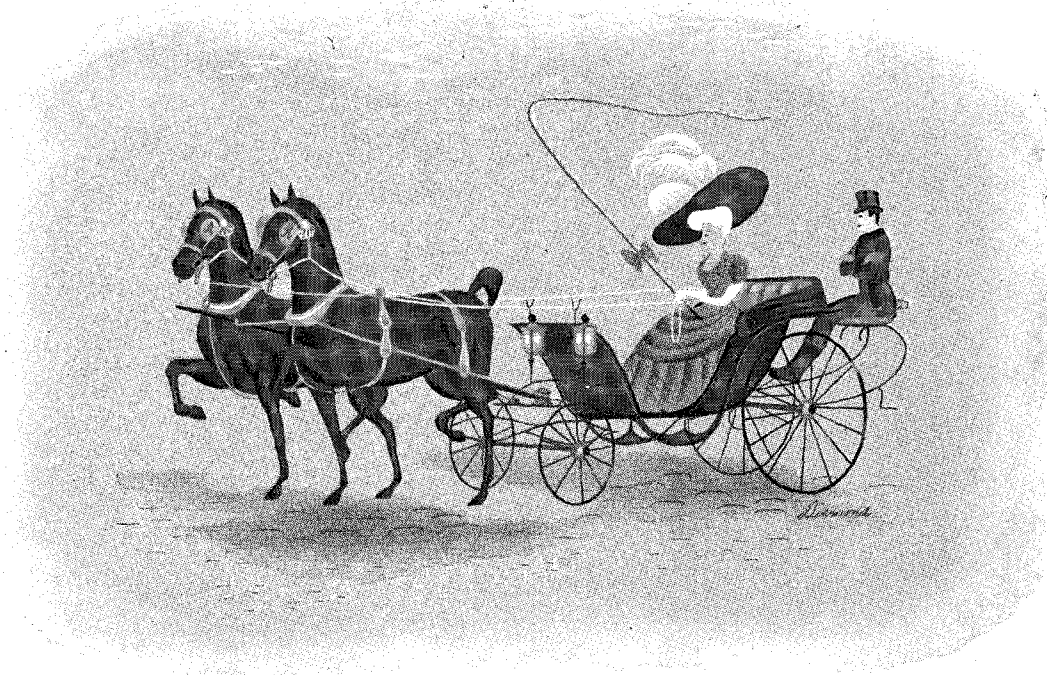
ICE SHOW—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—With her company. Sun., Dec. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

(Listed below, for the convenience of parents who may want to plan ahead, are some activities now

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 44, December 18, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.



WHEN LILLIAN RUSSELL CAME TO CALL

She was so very beautiful, it was no wonder the crowds stopped and stared as glorious Lillian drove down Fifth Avenue, holding the white doeskin reins in her own white-gloved hands.

Her phaeton, people tell us who vividly remember the celebrated star of comic-opera, was drawn by horses black as midnight . . . prancing proudly as if they knew that their silver-ornamented pigskin harness, designed by Mark Cross for Miss Russell, was *deliberately* a show piece. She would draw up at the hitching-post of our Fifth Avenue Shop, and seemingly unaware of the breath-taking entrance she was making, alight to select from our articles of fine leather, those gifts for which she was so famous.

Today's Lillian Russells . . . contemporary stars of stage and screen . . . have also made Mark Cross their headquarters for leather goods of superior quality and craftsmanship . . . purchasing the superlative luggage and accessories that are available here and at selected stores from coast to coast.

If currently the choice is limited, remember that vast quantities of leather are needed for war materials. Our booklet "*That the Leather you Love will Last*," tells simple things you can do to give your Mark Cross luggage and accessories *extra* years of proud and handsome service. Won't you send for it?



MARK CROSS • LEATHER GOODS • FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scheduled for children through the Christmas season.)

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL—Presenting Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," Sat., Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call MU 4-4000, Ext. 6.)

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"Kings in Nomania," Sat. and Sun., Dec. 18-19, at 3 P.M. "Bobino," Sat. and Mon., Dec. 25 and 27, at 3 P.M.; Wed., Dec. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; and Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-8464.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"The Gnomes' Christmas" and "The Penguins and the Polar Bear," Wed., Dec. 22; "Hansel and Gretel" and "Puppet Follies," Wed., Dec. 29; at 3:30 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

SUZARI MARIONETTES—Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" and "Pinocchio," Sat., Sun., Wed., and Sat., Dec. 25, 26, 29, and Jan. 1; "A Christmas Carol" and "Nobody's Boy," Mon. and Fri., Dec. 27 and 31; "Peter and the Wolf" and "Rumplestiltskin," Tues. and Thurs., Dec. 28 and 30; at 11:15 A.M. and 1:15 and 3:15 P.M. (World Theatre, 153 W. 49. CI 7-5747.)

STAGE CHILDREN'S GUILD—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29; Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom for children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, will be open Mon. through Sat., except Christmas Day, from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. (On Mon. and Fri. Afts. the playroom is reserved for members and their children.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue, a floor show, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are all in the Bowman Room.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—A fine place to hear good jazz. Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra, and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room where you may well be dazzled by both the white palm trees and the beautiful girls. Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. The new Copa Bar has entertainment by Anne Francine, Wilma Cox, Sylvie St. Claire, and quite a few others.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Twice as big as ever before, with the addition of a new room and bar. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Everything in the Cotillion Room is colored red, white, and blue except the crystal chandeliers. The show includes a dance team and Stanley Melba's orchestra. Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegard holds forth in the Persian Room, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—A small Continental orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra will play in the Wedgwood Room until Thurs., Dec. 23, when it will be replaced by Xavier Cugat's. The supper show, headed by the Hartmans, will stay on. Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—BLUE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25.

ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with Mme. Claude Alphonse and a number of others. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan ought to be enough for you. ... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Sheila Barrett and a small show. ... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, as well as plenty of elbow room. ... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): dim lights, Gypsy music, and a view of the Park.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a good-looking room with a show containing good-looking girls and Dwight Fiske; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. ... **LE COFF ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. ...

CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as its namesake but much handsomer; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. ... **RIO-BAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): big and fairly noisy, with Mickey Alpert's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. ... **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): jungle-like, with banks of greenery and shadowy corners; Ralph Font's orchestra. ...

CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. ... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. ... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. ... **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. ...

NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. ... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Sun., Dec. 19. ... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. ...

EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and George Wettling. ... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): people who like Billie Holiday are very happy here in spite of her sad songs. ... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and two small but classy swing ensembles headed by Art Tatum, pianist, and Ben Webster, saxophonist. ... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the geniuses being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

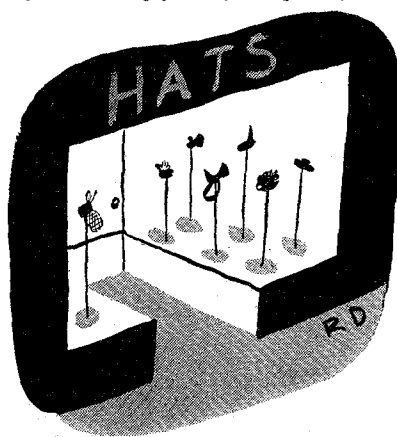
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas Day.)

NINA BALABAN—Paintings, drawings, and a few textile designs: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 22.

CHARLOTTE BEREND—Landscapes and portraits in water color and oil by a California artist: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Dec. 20.

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS—Landscapes and figure paintings done during the last two years: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.

CAMERON BOOTH—Paintings by a Western artist new to New York: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.



BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

FRANZ BUEB—Water colors reminiscent of Dufy: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 24.

EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 7 P.M. to 10 P.M.; Christmas Day, 7:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Paintings done in 1909: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

FRENCH—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings, sculptures, prints, and miscellaneous documents, all bearing on the French Revolution. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ... **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: sixteen paintings by Dufy, Derain, Rouault, and others of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

GORDON GRANT—Water colors of Gloucester scenes: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

GROUPS—At the **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: pictures by contemporary Mexican, French, and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: another show of Mexican, French, and American art, this one including sculpture as well as painting. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ...

DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: an exhibition of work by Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, "Pop" Hart, and Jules Pascin. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18. ... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: small American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ...

ARTISTS, 43 W. 55: small sculptures and pictures by Leo Amino, Maurice Golubov, Hans Boehler, and other contemporary artists. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ... **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: a review of the gallery's exhibitions during the last seven years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ...

FINE ARTS, 215 W. 57: twenty-eighth annual show by members of the New York Society of Painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 23. ... **JULIEN LEVY**, 42 E. 57: gouaches and miniature objects by Yves Tanguy, Marcel Duchamp, and Joseph Cornell. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24. ...

BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: prints by Rouault, Braque, Kollwitz, Masson, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. ... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: small paintings by such American artists as Whistler, Homer, and Ryder. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ...

FRIENDS OF GREECE, 52 E. 57: religious paintings by Mané-Katz, Louis Bouché, Everett Shinn, Jon Corbino, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

EDWARD HOPPER—Recent water colors of Mexican subjects: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 23.

ISRAEL LITWAK—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

ELENOR LUST—Landscapes and portraits, with paintings of Paula Laurence and Max Ernst among the latter group: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

JOHN MARIN—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

NURA—Paintings of children and animals: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

PARIS—A loan exhibition of Parisian scenes by Daumier, Dufy, Gromaire, Renoir, and many others: Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Mon. through Fri., except Dec. 24, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

PICASSO—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: paintings, draw-

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—(continued)



“For Centuries To Come”

“The freedom to achieve is as fundamental as any of the freedoms thus far announced. It is at the base of our independence. It is a quality of character. It is a state of mind. It is a vigorous, virile point of view.

“The extent to which we accept that responsibility and all of its implications may well determine the course of our economic and political future for centuries to come.”

... A. L. M. WIGGINS,
President of the
American Bankers Association

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street—New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking

Executor and Trustee



For a debut: layers of flowing net over rustling rayon taffeta . . . white lace delicately traced with gold beads at off-the-shoulders decolletage. Sizes 10 to 16. 59.95

Young-Timers angelic white



Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings, and gouaches from 1905 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: seven large oils, from 1921 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.
DORIS ROSENTHAL—Drawings, pastels, and oils, all of Mexico: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.
SCULPTURE—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.
WALTER STUEMPF—Everyday American scenes with a romantic touch: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.
SURREALIST—Work by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Matta, and other surrealists, compared with paintings by the insane: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.
TSCHACBASOV—A set of new canvases done with Byzantine intricacy of design: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 18.
MAURICE UTRILLO—Twelve paintings, ranging from his early work to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Howard Barlow conducting: Thurs., Dec. 16, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 24, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 25, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Albert Spalding, violin, Dec. 16, 17, and 19; Joseph Schuster, 'cello, Dec. 25.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting: Sat., Dec. 18, at 11 A.M.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Un Ballo in Maschera," Fri. Eve., Dec. 17. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Aft., Dec. 18. . . . "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Dec. 18. . . . "La Bohème," Mon. Eve., Dec. 20. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Wed. Eve., Dec. 22. . . . "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 23. . . . "Mignon," Sat. Aft., Dec. 25. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and the Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., Dec. 25. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Dec. 19, at 8:30 P.M., will be Astrid Varnay, Lily Djanel, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Jan Peerce.

JAZZ CONCERT—The first of a series of four concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring Mel Powell and Joe Bushkin, piano, Bobby Hackett, cornet, and Pee Wee Russell, clarinet. Sat., Dec. 18, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Alfred Greenfield conducting "The Messiah," Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MISHEL PIASTRO—Violin. Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

ALEC TEMPLETON—Piano. Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M.)

PEOPLE'S CHORUS OF NEW YORK—Lorenzo Camilieri conducting. Sun., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call CO 5-4036.)

TRAPP FAMILY—Vocal group. Sun., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROBERT KITAIN—Violin. Sun., Dec. 19, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

RUSSIAN CHORUSES—Serge Jaroff's Don Cossacks, Sun., Dec. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . General Platoff's Don Cossacks, Sun., Dec. 19, at 8:50 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

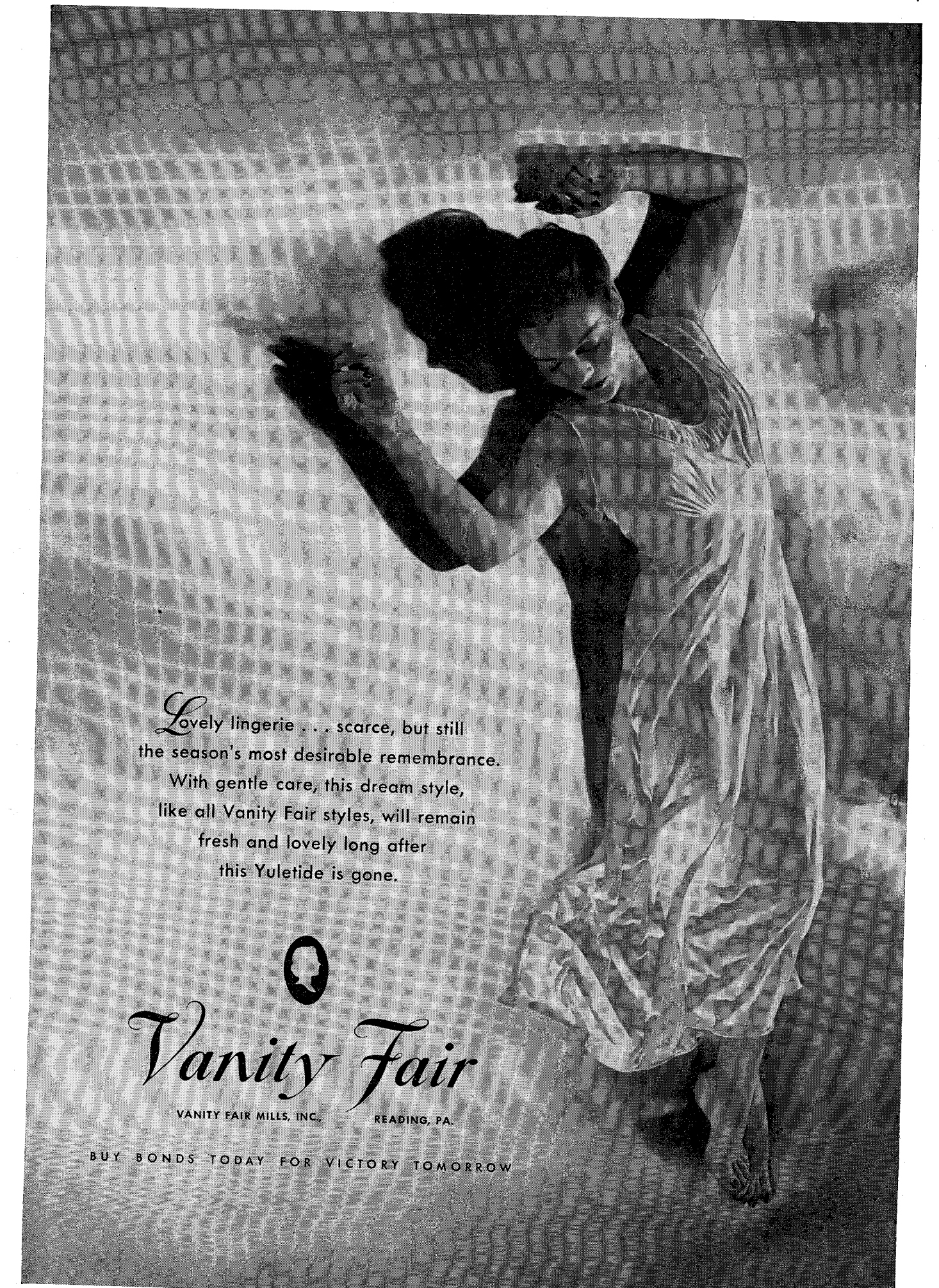
MOUNT HOLYOKE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass conducting; soloist, John Kirkpatrick, piano. Wed., Dec. 22, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—N.Y.U. vs. St. Francis, and St. John's vs. University of Detroit, Sat., Dec. 18; L.I.U. vs. Havana, and Brooklyn vs. West Kentucky, Sat., Dec. 25; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Bobby Ruffin vs. Sammy Angott, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional game: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun., Dec. 19, at 8:30



*Lovely lingerie . . . scarce, but still
the season's most desirable remembrance.
With gentle care, this dream style,
like all Vanity Fair styles, will remain
fresh and lovely long after
this Yuletide is gone.*



Vanity Fair

VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC.,

READING, PA.

BUY BONDS TODAY FOR VICTORY TOMORROW



At this Christmastide it is most gratifying to know that many beautiful Bachrach portraits are bringing comfort and cheer to dear ones far away. It is well to remember throughout next year that letters and photographs are what our boys need most. They are the personal things which speak of love and bring new courage for the lonely days ahead.



Bachrach

Portrait Photographers Since 1868

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women

683 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
615 Central Avenue, East Orange

FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men

507 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
1416 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PROVIDENCE • HARTFORD • SPRINGFIELD • BALTIMORE • WASHINGTON

Back the Attack... buy more War Bonds

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M. ... Amateur series: Thurs., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 19, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. ... Benefit game: St. Paul's vs. Kent, Thurs., Dec. 16, at 3:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, assembled by the Army. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. ... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.**: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Christmas Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 28. ... **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82**: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in present-day Russia. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years by Mexican and American photographers. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13. ... **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 77**: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays, except Christmas Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICANA—A loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 1.

DOLLS—An exhibition of wood, china, and rag dolls of the last century: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., except Christmas Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting, Sun., Dec. 19, at 3 P.M., WABC. ... Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 18, at 8:15 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 25, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. ... N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Dec. 19, at 5 P.M., WEAF. ... Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Dec. 19, at 9 P.M., WOR. ... Metropolitan Opera: "Rigoletto," with Charles Kullman, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett, Sat., Dec. 18; "Mignon," with Rise Stevens and James Melton, Sat., Dec. 25; at 2 P.M., WJZ. ... Boxing: Bobby Ruffin vs. Sammy Angott, Fri., Dec. 17, at 10 P.M., WOR.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS: Midnight Mass, from St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fri., Dec. 24, at 12 midnight, WOR. ... A Christmas message from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sat., Dec. 25, at 8:15 A.M., WJZ. ... Broadcasts by servicemen at the battle fronts, Sat., Dec. 25; at 10:15 A.M., WJZ; and at 2 P.M., WEAF. ... A big, all-star variety show, which will be sent by short wave to servicemen overseas, Sat., Dec. 25, at 4 P.M., WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. ... Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. ... John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. ... Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. ... Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. ... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. ... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. ... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. ... Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

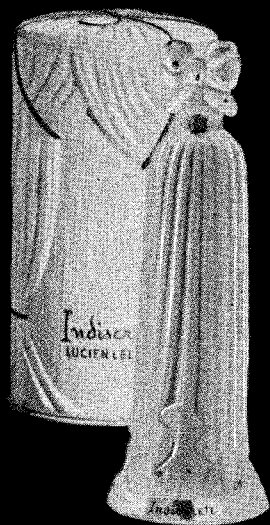
NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. ... Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. ... Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English, French, and American furniture of the eighteenth century, tapestries, and Georgian silver; owned by the late Commodore Edgar F. Luckenbach and others: Fri. and Sat., Dec. 17-18, at 2 P.M.

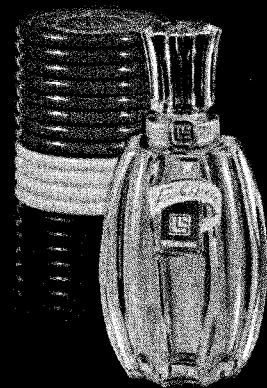
MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in an English-made thriller about sabotage and espionage in Czechoslovakia. Not a Hitchcock picture, but almost as good. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Dec. 16. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 22-24.)

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA—A good documentary, produced by the U. S. Government, on Russia at war. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Thurs., Dec. 23.



INDISCRETE
PERFUME



TAILSPIN
PERFUME



BALALAIIKA
PERFUME



SIRÔCCO
PERFUME

PERFUMES
LUCIEN
LELONG



Fighting craftsmanship

by Fisher

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.

THIS new naval dual-purpose 5-incher is bringing added advantages in fire power to our armed forces at sea and on invasion coasts.

Here at Fisher, we take particular pride in it, even though we do not make *all* of it.

For the skills we have developed go into it. All the

crafts we have mastered are concentrated on it. It represents the many kinds of Fisher craftsmanship combined in a fighting tool that gives our men the all-important edge.

We believe in armament that holds an actual combat advantage within itself. That's why we throw our reserve of fighting craftsmanship into

every tank, bomber or gun we build. And our fighting men tell us that it's an added advantage when the going gets tough.

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network



armament
BOY BY

Fisher

D I V I S I O N O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

... World, 153 W. 49; through Fri., Dec. 24.)
THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—A spotty but generally effective adaptation of "A Thousand Shall Fall," Hans Habe's book about his imprisonment by the Germans. With Jean Pierre Aumont, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Gene Kelly, and Hume Cronyn. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Dec. 20. ... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 18-20. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Dec. 21-25. ... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 22-24.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A scenic and well-acted adaptation of Hemingway, somewhat marred by political cloudiness. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—An inspired bit of casting puts Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields in this new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 22-24.)

MADAME CURIE—A convincing screen biography of the discoverer of radium. She and her husband are played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THE NORTH STAR—A splendid tribute to the Russians by Lillian Hellman. Walter Huston, Erich von Stroheim, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 5:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; and Sun. at 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. ... Palace, B'way at 47; continuous showings daily.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—A rambling film about marriages and careers, nicely held together by Bette Davis, assisted by Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; Thurs., Dec. 16.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Big, Technicolor reproduction of the hit soldier show, with a harmless story thrown in. George Murphy, Charles Butterworth, and Joan Leslie are in the added Hollywood cast. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Dec. 17. ... Beacon, B'way at 75; through Wed., Dec. 22. ... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 17-21. ... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 19-20. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Sat., Dec. 21-25.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A somewhat erratic but predominantly funny comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, and Victor Moore. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 17-18.)

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 17-21.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 17. ... Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 17-20.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 16.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 21-23.)

HOLIDAY INN (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 17-20.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—William Powell with Myrna Loy and amnesia. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 18-20. ... Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 21-22. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 22-24.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 20-21.)

THE MALE ANIMAL (1943)—The screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 21-22.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 21-22.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 17. ... Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 17-20.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—The Hitchcock thriller, now called "I Married a Murderer." With Sylvia Sydney. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., Dec. 20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 16-17** (at 4 P.M. only): "Greed" (1924), with Zasu



A Gift... Out of this World - for Her

In a world of momentous happenings . . . more than ever . . .
 the little things count . . . little things . . . like Christmas
 candles . . . bright trees, chimes, a woman's smile. Any gift
 of Blue Grass is delightful, the entire sequence is divine . . .

Blue Grass Perfume, 1.25 to 60.00

Blue Grass Eau de Toilette, 5.00 and 10.00

Blue Grass Flower Mist, 1.50 to 10.00

Blue Grass New Cream Flower Mist, 1.50

Blue Grass Brillantine, 1.00

Illusion Powder perfumed with Blue Grass,
 1.75 and 3.00

Blue Grass Bath Salts, perfumes and softens
 the water, 4.00

Blue Grass Body Sachet, top-to-toe fragrance, 2.00

Blue Grass Bath Oil for body friction, 3.75 and 8.75

Blue Grass soft and lovely Hand Soap,
 1.00 and 2.50

Blue Grass Fluffy Milk Bath, 6.50 and 12.50

Blue Grass Dusting Powder, 1.50 (All prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

Arabian Nights

P E R F U M E

★★★perfume of enchantment,
blended from amber and sandal-
wood. Lingering and luring—
warm and heady—so subtle
and distinctively you ★★★



SCHERK
NEW YORK

TOILET WATER • BATH POWDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pitts and Jean Hersholt. SAT. AND SUN., DEC. 18-19: "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings. MON. AND TUES., DEC. 20-21: "Variety" (1925), with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti. WED. AND THURS., DEC. 22-23: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman, Lois Moran, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. FRI., DEC. 24: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work two or three mornings a week in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; women to take a seven-week training course and then put in at least twelve hours a week as nursery-school aides in settlement houses. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects, and then work three days a week, or two evenings a week and every other weekend, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc.; women to take a seven-week part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend as much time as they can spare in A.W.V.S. workshops, making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to work in an Army cafeteria several days a week from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. (For information, call RE 4-5982.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a six-week training course and then serve about six hours a week during the day as librarians in hospitals; women to take a thirteen-week training course in medical social service and then serve five hours a week as volunteer case aides in hospitals.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds is especially needed at the moment, and scrap metal and rags are also wanted. The New York Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. The same office will also arrange to call for discarded clothing, which is urgently needed for war victims overseas. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can, keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then take it to your neighborhood butcher, who will give you two meat-ration stamps in exchange. . . . Tin cans, which are needed now more than ever, should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy still needs Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 26th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, books, or games that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are in great demand) to be sent to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).



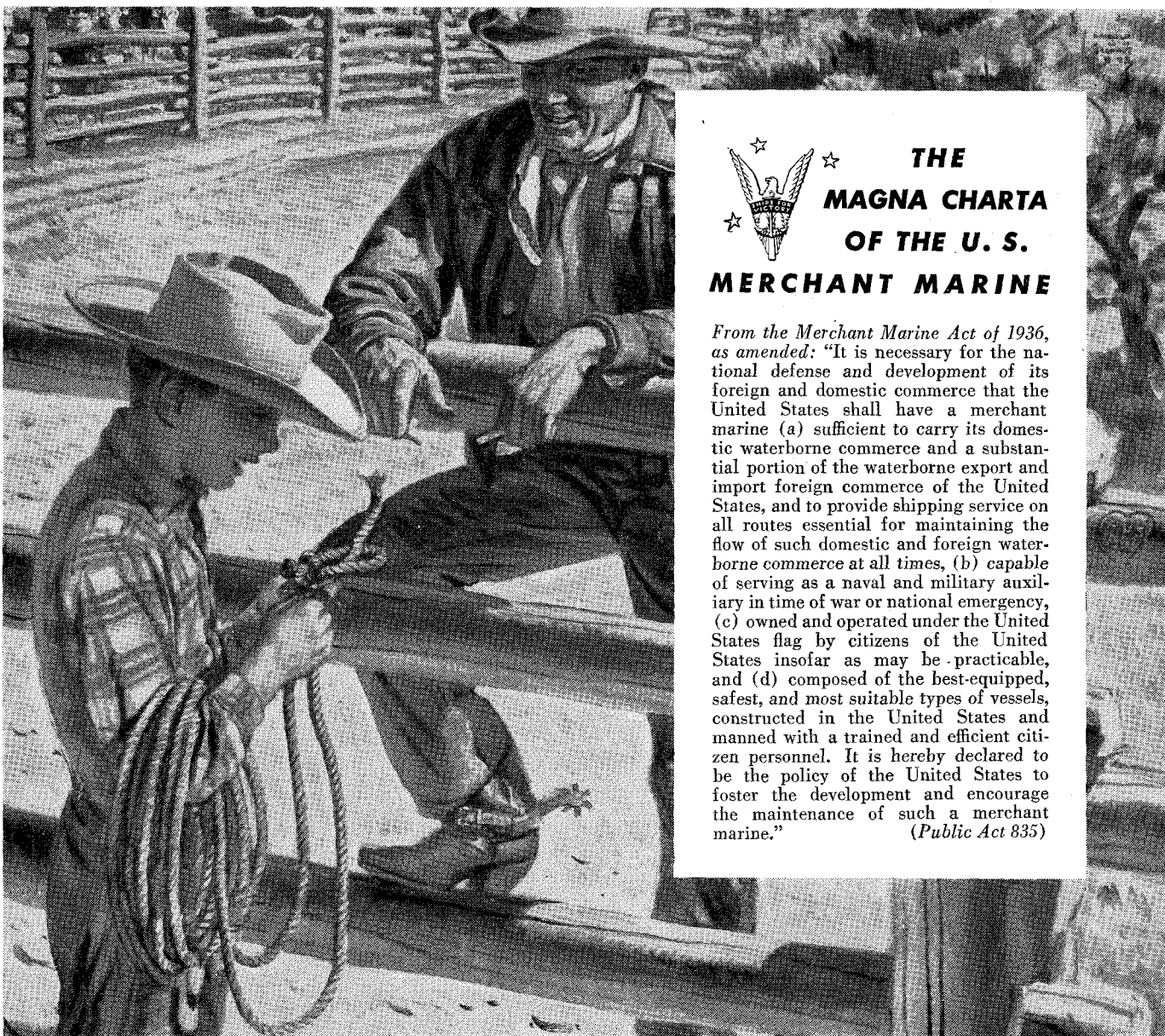
Call for

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest



Cigarette



**THE
MAGNA CHARTA
OF THE U. S.
MERCHANT MARINE**

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (Public Act 835)

ONE END OF HIS ROPE'S ON SHIPBOARD!

Every time this young rancher's lasso drops neatly around the horns of a galloping steer, its pull will be felt on ships at sea and in many far ports. For, like millions of his countrymen, he's in partnership with the men of a mighty new United States merchant marine.

He'll grow beef to feed the crews of our fast new merchant ships. In return, their holds will carry products of his herds to sell in foreign markets — and they'll bring back, in exchange, things he and other Americans must import.

And, for the first time in generations, we have shipping enough to keep our vital overseas trade *under our own control!*

For Congress, in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, pointed out that an adequate U. S.-flag merchant marine is "*necessary for the national defense and development of (our) foreign and domestic commerce.*" This bold declaration made possible a real American merchant fleet, "*owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens . . . manned with a citizen personnel.*"

Before war came, American Export Lines helped carry out the Act's purpose with fast new U. S.-built ships that strengthened our trade routes through the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and on into the Indian Ocean. In wartime, under War Shipping Administration orders, our augmented operations cannot be disclosed.

But it is no secret that America's new-born merchant marine is being forged into a powerful world influence—insurance for our national defense and economic security.

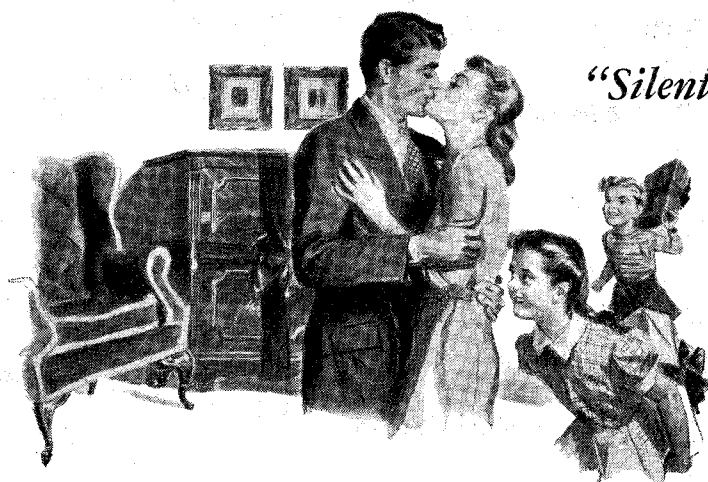
American Export Lines

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4



N. W. AYER & SON

American Export Airlines, too, with giant flying boats, are shortening the supply lines to our fighting men.

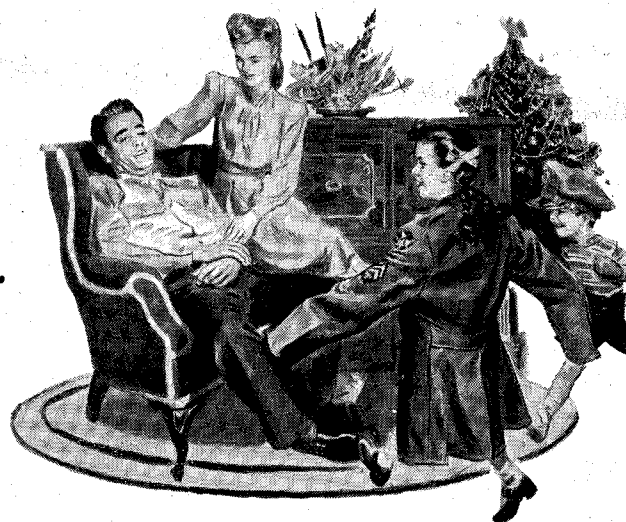


"Silent night, Holy night... All is calm..."

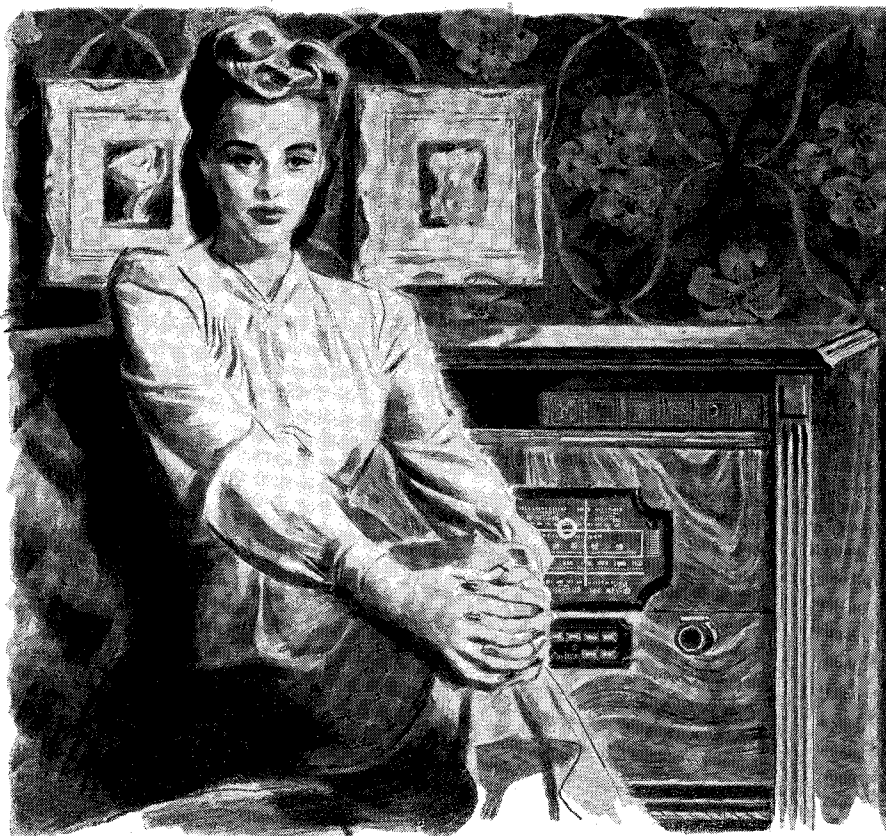
She was back three years ago and John was leading her into the room . . . and then she saw it, the radio with a big red ribbon around it. She hadn't said a word . . . just turned and kissed John . . . the kids had squealed with delight.

"The Caissons go rolling along"...

Last year, John came home from camp unexpectedly . . . it was a last minute leave and they'd had no warning. That was a wonderful Christmas . . . with the kids wearing John's uniform and marching to the music. If war were only marching and music . . .



"There's a long, long trail a-winding..."



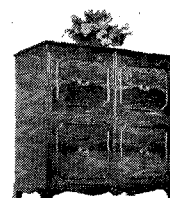
In a few minutes, it will be Christmas again . . . Christmas without John. Tomorrow will be bad . . . there will be memories that hurt . . . but the children must have a real Christmas . . . the children. Tonight she'd sit and listen to music . . . and, in the soft sweet strains, she'd reach across the world and be with John . . . tonight.

IF THERE ARE families who are getting courage from their Stromberg-Carlsons this Christmas, we are deeply thankful.

Right now our job is to devote all our energy to making communications equipment to help speed the victory.

When we can again make a Stromberg-Carlson for you . . . we promise that the experience of half a century, the skill that pioneered in Frequency Modulation, and the things we have learned since Pearl Harbor will make it as fine a radio as you can buy.

In the meantime, let us all put every dollar we can in War Bonds . . . to speed the return of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."



IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES,
SOUND SYSTEMS...THERE
IS NOTHING FINER THAN
A STROMBERG-CARLSON

STROMBERG-CARLSON

© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



Back the Attack — with War Bonds

Man in a Copper Kettle

No all-America halfback ever followed his interference more alertly than this Boeing engineer.

It's *radio* interference he is after . . . and he is tracking it down in a room like a huge "kettle," with walls, floor and ceiling all of copper.

Why? So that Flying Fortress* radios will function without disturbance from the 64 electric motors which operate flight controls, gun turrets, bomb-bay doors, and many other installations on these great battleships of the skies.

The only way to measure the interference given off by any one motor is to

"screen out" every other kind of interference completely. In an ordinary room, this is impossible; railways, power lines, X-rays, and broadcasting stations all fill the atmosphere with electric waves of many kinds.

Boeing engineers set out to build a large, interference-proof room of pure copper. Some authorities said so big a room would not afford protection. But Boeing needed such a room . . . and built it. Now even the powerful signal of a nearby 50,000-watt station cannot force its way into the electric silence of the Boeing copper room.

Here new motors are tested, filters designed, condensers located, with assurance and accuracy. In a similar room, sensitive instruments are calibrated.

This is, of course, only one small detail among many hundreds in the designing and engineering of the Flying Fortress. But it is just such attention to detail that has made these ships superb fighting craft . . . and has inspired from their crews such remarks as: "I'd sure like to shake hands with the people who build 'em."

Tomorrow as today, you can know of any product that if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are against giving the Chicago *Tribune* permission to publish an overseas edition, on the ground that the Chicago *Tribune* doesn't believe there is any such place.

ADMITTEDLY, Nature operates under a handicap on West Forty-second Street, but it nevertheless filled us with an unseasonal melancholy to observe that all the nice white reindeer in Stern's windows are wearing their antlers backwards. Now, *now*, Dasher!

A MAN'S relationship to his government is a subtle and precious thing, and we don't like to see it strained by federal carelessness in the use of words. From the Bureau of Internal Revenue the other morning, we received its "Demand for Installment of Income and Victory Tax." We bristled at the word "demand." If the government is, in essence, the people; if it is of, by, and for them and has, under the constitution, no separate and distinct authority of its own (which is our assumption), then it has no cause to *demand* our tax, which is by its nature payable, being a sum offered in evidence of allegiance, and allegiance being a quality which is not demandable but a deep and natural thing with its own mysterious due dates. We take this opportunity, therefore, to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, our servant, to mend his speech. Next time he finds the day approaching for the payment of our tax, let him send us a statement which, by its courteous phrasing and its warm and honest tone, exhibits a knowledge of a treasurer's position and an appreciation of ours.

OUR legislators have apparently been under such a severe strain lately that they have cracked under the

burden and dreamed up a law so weird, so erroneous, so faulty that it is, more than anything else, funny. We refer to the clause in the tax law which specifies that an individual shall be penalized if he fails to guess within twenty per cent of what his income is going to be for the year. To a writer, who is quite capable of doubling or halving his annual take in the last few minutes of play, this is a merry flight into the zone of nonsense. Like penalizing a man for failure to guess whether it's going to be a boy or a girl.

SOMEONE wrapped a copy of the *New Masses* around an arrow and shot it through our window the other day. We don't know what we were supposed to read, but what we did read was an editorial note that fascinated us. It was an attack on Miss Ruth Mitchell and the accuracy of her recent book about the Chetniks, and it ended, "At the Stork Club recently, Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle was confronted with these evidences of Miss Mitchell's political aberrations." Unless we misinterpret that sentence drastically, it means that the editors of the



New Masses have taken to confronting public figures at the Stork Club, just like Commander Winchell.

LISTEN while we sing the St. James Theatre Blues—about how we went over there last week to buy our aunt a couple of seats to "Oklahoma!" for a Christmas present and how the Theatre Guild had no seats to sell us. We didn't want seats for any particular day, week, or month, you understand. Our aunt is a lady of infinite patience

and leisure and we just wanted a pair of seats for any old time. Well, we found the lobby a scene of brisk and promising activity, and with a high heart we queued up behind twenty-odd other drama lovers. We soon noticed, however, that all the box-office negotiations were barren; the customers just put their dough back in their pants and walked off. Finally, tired of sniping us off one by one, the box-office woman put her head out and cried, "No more orchestra seats for the rest of December, January, or Febru-



ary." "March, then!" snapped the man at the head of the line. "Seats for March and April will be on sale in two weeks," she said, apparently marvelling at his backwardness. Another Guild handmaiden, who had been circulating among the people in the lobby, approached us with a handful of literature extolling "The Innocent Voyage," also a Guild production. "It's about a little girl who gets kidnapped by pirates," she wheedled. "Listen," we said to her, "what it boils down to is that there aren't any seats for 'Oklahoma!' on sale here. Is that right?" "Well, yes," she said happily. We went out and hunted up a pirate we have known for years, and he obliged us with two seats, at a premium.

We hold no grudge against the Guild, however. Success, particularly in the theatre, is a matter of making old dreams come true, of settling old scores with the indiscriminating public. We imagine that the Guild, while in the doldrums, dreamed less of making money than of a lobby filled with people clamoring hopelessly for seats. The Guild may, with our permission,



station Theresa Helburn herself in the lobby, to inquire of prospective "Oklahoma!" audiences, "And where, may I ask, were all you people when we were doing 'Wings over Europe' and 'Prelude to Exile'?"

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Near the Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn is a clothing shop which calls itself The Tailored Gob.

A sign in Alpine, New Jersey, announces, with stunning finality, "No Drinking Water North of Here."

There's a sign in the window of a junk shop on Seventy-second Street, over near First Avenue, that reads:

We sell our stuff at prices low
Not because it's very old.
But daily we got to eat.
It's the dollar that we need.

Our Own Baedeker

BOUGAINVILLE is the largest of the Solomon Islands—about the length of our own Long Island but twice as wide. There the resemblance abruptly terminates; Bougainville is equal parts jungle, swamp, and mountain, with chronic earthquakes, a mean temperature up in the eighties, and an annual rainfall of more than ten feet.

The days are cloudy, the nights are chilly, and there are a good many annoying insects. The American troops there report that the jungle is so thick that hand grenades and mortar shells don't penetrate the foliage. Nevertheless, this unlikely spot had, before the war, a population of thirty thousand. At Kieta, on the opposite side of the island from where we landed, there were a few Australian administration officials and the inevitable Japanese traders. The natives along the shore are very black and fierce, and the islanders are scared of them; this setup has led anthropologists to conclude that the shore-dwelling folk were invaders, who drove the others inland. There are some pygmies around, too.

You seldom see a Bougainville native walking in the jungle by himself. The local god, name of Vélé, is supposed to play all sorts of dirty tricks on people he catches alone; if you're in company, he can't hurt you. Head-hunting used to be practiced on Bougainville, and may still be. To guard against being taken unaware in their sleep, the natives sleep in huts raised on stilts. The rest of the family life—cooking, cocktail parties, and so on—is centred around a lean-to on the ground. The women take care of most of the work and the men confine their efforts to fishing, which they

do rather badly, and the care of pigs, which is the local equivalent of gentleman farming. The driving force in the life of Bougainvillers is *potu*, which means political and social prestige. You gain *potu* by giving a big feast and inviting all your rivals, for instance. *Potu* is also attached, perhaps somewhat arbitrarily, to the manufacture and possession of wooden gongs. The more gongs a fellow has around the lean-to and the more people drop in to bang them, the more *potu* he has. Influential people have enormous gongs, so big that it takes a hundred men to carry them.

Bougainville is named for the Frenchman who discovered it, a talented eighteenth-century character named Louis Antoine de Bougainville, whom you are at liberty to look up in the encyclopedia. We will concern ourselves here only with a voyage of exploration he made in the seventeen-sixties. In a book he wrote after he got back, he advanced a theory, that, in the Pacific, the blacker a native is the more ferocious he is likely to be; the Bougainvillers were black as black and had amply borne out his theory by coming out in canoes and attempting to storm his ship, persisting until some of them had to be shot. "Their dispositions seemed far from pacific," Bougainville wrote, with typical Gallic delicacy. Some of them, he noted, had red hair, possibly dyed. Today the only redheads on Bougainville are Americans.

Willy-Nilly

TWO young ladies went up to the business offices of one of the big stores recently to pick up a third young lady, who works there, for a luncheon date. While they were waiting in an outer room, they were spotted by the lady personnel manager, who handed them application blanks. They explained the situation fully, but she said why didn't they take jobs anyway. One of the girls said she couldn't, she was back from college on vacation. "College!" the personnel manager said scornfully. "Why don't you give it up and take a nice job with us?" The college girl managed to hold out, but the other one, who aspires to be an actress, wound up with a part-time job she didn't really want. She works mornings, and in the afternoons, when the theatrical man-

agers are up and about, canvasses their offices.

Hair of the Dog

WE look at dogs now with a calculating eye, wondering whether they might make a good warm sweater or a tweed jacket. This special viewpoint is a consequence of having talked with Mrs. Arthur Foster, known as Ocie Foster to the admirers she has won at Women's International Expositions and elsewhere. At two successive Expositions, Mrs. Foster has scored unqualified successes with exhibits of the wearing apparel she has fashioned from the combings of collies, poodles, chows, German sheep dogs, Samoyeds, Old English sheep dogs, Pomeranians, and Pekinese, as well as Angora rabbits and Persian cats. She has made the dyes for these clothes herself from red clover, spinach, dandelion root, red cabbage, goldenrod, mushrooms, toadstools, and other readily available flora. We interviewed her at the Foster apartment in Jackson Heights, which is handy to LaGuardia Field, where Mr. Foster comes and goes as a pilot for T.W.A. Mrs. Foster, who is young and blond and a little hollow-eyed at the moment from a recent attack of grippe, was wearing a skirt which she had woven from a combination of wool and silver-fox hairs, and she showed us a jacket she had made for her husband from silver fox and Old English sheep dog. "A friend of ours in the Ferry Command has promised to bring me some camel and some llama," she told us.

The Foster living room contains a spinning wheel unique in these parts, in that it is rigged for spinning. Mrs. Foster said she had bought it on Prince Edward Island. It was also in Canada that she learned carding, spinning, dyeing, and the other processes which will convert a Pomeranian into a pullover. She was born in Indiana and up to three years ago had practiced no craft more complicated than sewing. Then her husband took her up to Toronto to see a captured Messerschmitt and, while they were at it, they dropped in on the Century of Canadian Progress Exposition. There she was particularly beguiled by the work of a Mrs. Margaret MacPherson, who could do wonders with the hair of the English sheep dog. Mrs. MacPherson was extremely jealous of her art, especially the mysteries of dyeing, but Mrs. Foster persuaded her to loosen up and went to live with

her for six weeks, occasionally studying twelve hours a day. Now, when commercial dyers drop around, sometimes in disguise, and try to wheedle her secrets from her, Mrs. Foster is just as mum as Mrs. MacPherson.

With the exception of the Samoyed, we learned, no dog is serviceable unless you get at his inner coat, and even the inner coat is too harsh to be worn next to the skin. The German sheep dog isn't much good for anything but a rug. For softness, the Samoyed ranks right up there with the Persian cat and the Angora rabbit. The Angora, of course, has been recognized commercially and fetches a pretty high price. Mrs. Foster has an Angora evening jacket which cost her eight dollars to make and probably would have come to more than fifty in a store.

Mrs. Foster is entirely amateur. She makes things mainly for herself and her husband (she has no children) and for the people who supply her with raw products (she has no dogs herself, or cats either). Strangers often send her clippings from their pets, sometimes asking her to make them something and sometimes with no strings attached. In the latter case, she generally knits or weaves a small token for the donor and keeps the rest for her own purposes. The sheep dog involved in her husband's jacket is the late Ideal Weather, a prizewinner who belonged to a Mrs. Collins of Toronto. We told Mrs. Foster we understood that she had some poodle hair which belonged to Anne Morgan, and she agreed to show it to us. Miss Morgan, it seems, asked her just to spin her some



"Of course, I wouldn't want to go over Dad's head, but . . ."

yarn and said she'd do the knitting herself.

Excelsior

ONE day a matron we know complimented her colored laundress on the beauty and good manners of her daughter, a girl of fifteen or so who comes occasionally to help with the ironing. The laundress said yes, her daughter *was* a nice girl. Not only that, but she was much more sensible about boys than most girls of her age. "She just like *serious* boys," the laundress said. "The boy she goin' with now, he very fine and serious—he studyin' to be a prize-fighter."

Best Wishes

DR. LIN YUTANG, the writer, took home with him, on his departure for China, a document consisting of condensations of a thousand-odd letters written by Americans on the topic of relations between their country and his. He's going to show it to the Chiangs and others high in the Chinese government, in support of his contention that the average American is more sympathetic toward China than our government policy would sometimes indicate. At the offices of the East and West Association, which took care of the secretarial work involved, they told us that these letters were the result of a request made by Dr. Lin over the radio and were thus quintessentially average. "They are from an audience of Americans whose radios happened to be turned on," one of the East and West officials explained. "What could be more average-American than that?" Just to make it more average, Dr. Lin's speech had been given almost no advance publicity.

To judge from the letters, which we were allowed to skim through, the average American is neither isolationist nor imperialist, and has a rather keen awareness of international obligations. A New England housewife wrote, "We are all a little slower in making drastic sacrifices for the right than we are in making them to save our lives. This is the reason we have been slow in our help to China. Try to understand." The gloomiest note was sounded by an Indiana man. "Imitate the British rather than the Americans," he said. "The British, once you know them well, will be a better example for an ancient and tradition-honoring people like yourselves than we Americans, who are chaotic, restless, and often

just plain funny." Many of the letters quoted Henry Wallace. Almost all of them ignored the fact that Chinese last names come first and referred to Dr. Lin as Dr. Yutang. A lot of people sent money, though Dr. Lin hadn't asked for it. There was a total of a hundred and fifty dollars in checks and small bills.

The tone of the letters ranged from the inspirational to the anecdotal. A man in Brooklyn quoted Walt Whitman—"Each of us is limitless, each with his or her right upon the earth"—and a woman in North Dakota told about a time a Chinese laundryman had helped her out by fixing a flat tire for her. A good many of the letters reflected special interests. A scoutmaster in Flushing hoped that China would soon develop a youth movement of her own. A farmer in Iowa wrote, "I have a new tractor, and would feel greatly honored if some of you would come over here and let me teach you how to run it, if you can just wait until after spring plowing, though if your need is great I can do it sooner." A letter from a sturdy Utah cowhand said that if there was anything to ride in China, he would help them ride it. A seventeen-year-old girl named Patricia, of Geneva, Illinois, explaining her admiration for the Chinese people, wrote, "I've always believed in their philosophy. I never could understand this rush-rush-rush, push-push-push way of life. To tell you the truth, Dr. Yutang, my family think I'm just plain lazy." A Pennsy Railroad man asked Dr. Lin to greet all the Chinese railroad men for him, "or as many as you have time to." A Kansas City postman, a blind newsdealer in Albany, an Indian, a St. Louis insurance salesman, and a Hollywood doctor were also among the correspondents. A group of New Jersey school children wrote a letter beginning, "Dear Chinese children: We want to be friends

of yours." All in all, the letters cheered us up a good deal, and we hope they have the same effect in China.

Off to Cairo

THIS is a story they tell on dark nights at LaGuardia Field, when the wind whistles about the hangars. Last summer, one of the regular planes from Washington landed and from it emerged, among other passengers, a man carrying an overstuffed brief case. He looked about him in some bewilderment, then asked an attendant, "What's the matter? Have we been forced down?" The attendant said no, that LaGuardia Field was the regular terminal for the Washington-New York flights. "New York!" the man cried. "I'm supposed to go to Cairo!" Well, it took a long time to get at the bottom of all this, but they got the answer. There were two travellers with the same first and last names, one bound for Cairo, the other for New York, and the airline had got them mixed. It was just one of those things. The New York passenger was put on the next Cairo trip, and the man who had just wanted to go to New York finally succeeded in beating his way back from Egypt, or at least they hope he did.

Dexter

EVERYBODY who has heard "Pistol Packin' Mama" will want to hear all about Al Dexter, the composer, or at least we're proceeding on that assumption. Last week we interviewed Mr. Dexter and his wife in his dressing room at the Capitol Theatre, where he and his hillbilly band, as the main attraction of the stage show, sing and play "Pistol Packin' Mama." An irritated critic on *Variety* said that Al Dexter and his band were probably the worst entertainment ever offered on a big-time vaudeville stage, but that can't be right, because they get paid \$3,500 a week. This is about \$3,400 more than Mr. Dexter was making last March, before Okeh released his recording of his chef-d'œuvre. This version sold a million and a half copies, and then Bing Crosby came along with his version and sold another million; the sheet-music sales reached the respectable figure of four hundred thousand. As composer, Mr. Dexter collects three cents a copy on the sheet music and three-quarters of a cent on each record. He also collects an additional half cent as the performing artist on his own records. So far, this has





"What department is this?"

all added up to about forty thousand bucks.

Mr. Dexter, suavely dressed in what he described to us as "cowboy dress clothes," and his wife received us in their dressing room. Both are Texans through and through, and there seems little danger that urban life will change them; Mr. Dexter plays five shows a day, which hardly leaves time for anything except getting back to his hotel and going to sleep. "Trouble with this town is you can't keep your hat clean," he told us, a trifle querulously. This problem is aggravated in Mr. Dexter's case by the fact that ever since he arrived (in the career sense) he has worn a snow-white Stetson. We had got this far with our interview when the heir to the Dexter fortune, or what the tax man leaves of it, a freckled youth of sixteen, arrived. He had been to a matinée of "Oklahoma!" and didn't think much of it. "Just a lotta singin' and prancin'," he said. "Besides, I got a blister as big as a

half dollar from those New York shoes you bought me."

Wrenching the conversation back to Dexter, Sr., we learned that he was born thirty-some years ago in Jacksonville, Texas, and moved early in life to a place called Troup. It's from this that the name of his band, Al Dexter and His Troopers, is derived. In his teens, Dexter learned paper hanging and plastering, but he was always making up songs while on the job. He'd get them down on a spare piece of wallpaper and then copy them off later. One of his early efforts was a hymn called "Going Home to Glory." "I got a quartet to sing it over WBAP, Fort Worth," he said. "After that I took up guitar, and the boys and me used to play around at entertainments and breakdowns and such. I used to could call a pretty good square dance, but not since I got into show business. The old calls haven't even crossed my mind in years." Gradually the guitar won out over the paste pot and brush

and soon Dexter and his men were playing over the air. He had recorded about three hundred of his own compositions before he rang the bell with "Mama," which was written more or less to please a lady restaurateur of Troup, who had once employed him. "This lady, she liked comical songs," he told us, "so I thought I'd try one, and what came out was 'Pistol Packin' Mama.'"

The Tightened Belt

A PARTY of diners at one of the town's most expensive restaurants was irked by the fact that the wine which had been ordered wasn't served at the proper time, and further irked by the discovery that their waiter was drunk. One of them complained to the captain, but it didn't do much good. The captain merely gazed at a point six inches above the complainant's head and said, "Perhaps the gentleman has forgotten that we are at war."

THE FIRKIN IN THE HERDIC

(ROUGH NOTES FOR A PARODY BASED ON "SNOOT IF YOU MUST," A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS BY LUCIUS BEEBE, COOKING AND SOCIAL-SERVICE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD TRIBUNE")

ONE night while quaffing a firkin in Paddy Rafferty's herdic your correspondent

One night quaffing like crazy with the Queen of Rumania (or perhaps the Grand Duchess) and Carino, Prince of Headwaiters, without whom there is nothing, your correspondent

One night quaffing al fresco on the faubourg your correspondent wearing forty suits and a plug hat and syndicated at that time in more than three hundred and sixty newspapers went

Bankhead, Billingsley, Brush, Coward, de Liagre, Lillie, Paley, Krimsky, Mrs. Harrison Williams and your correspondent

Went

And always, of course, Richard Monomania, Prince of Press Agents, who knows Shakespeare, and the little game done with matches in the back room, and the firkin, as noted, in the herdic

And

Cartier's is stocking little gold ear-

clips to pin a spaniel's ears back over its head, out of its soup

And

Stanley Sackett pays \$7.50 a pair for his French lisle socks

And

Doris Duke has nine Rolls-Royces

And

Ona Munson's drawing-room is quite littered with pianos

And

Dwight Fiske

Mrs. Tiffany Saportas

Prince Kyril Scherbatoff

Myra Kingsley

Jerome Zerbe

Gloria Braggiotti

Nicky de Molas

Valentina Schlee

Meenk is for football

All in the herdic

And if a man is not seen for three nights at El Morocco, it is assumed that he is dead

If a man disappears suddenly from

21 or the Stork Club or the Colony, he has not gone away

He is dead

He is far better dead, along with Matt Winkle and Cholly Knickerbocker and the Emperor Caligula and the Stutz Bearcat

There have been famous nights, however, among the living

Once a Miss Virginia Faulkner gave a firkin of caviar to the driver of a herdic who was hungry, and once a female wag swiped a diamond gardenia valued at \$10,000 right out of your correspondent's buttonhole, and once a critic was sick in his hat

My

AND what, you ask, is the nature or anatomy of Cafe Society?

It is an unorganized but generally recognized group of persons who participate in the professional and social life of New York available to those possessed of a certain degree of affluence and manners

Unquote

It is Cecil Beaton in a little number Lanvin had run up for him in a pale shade of apple green, double-breasted and buttoned with gold and emerald links

Unquote

It is cream of green turtle soup, grilled wurzburger '29, saddle of english venison '89 with grilled clos de vougeot, field salad in a pale shade of apple green, strawberry appomatox with emerald links, coffee and partagas cigars in the elsa maxwell size

It is Flato deflato

The war was a success foolish from Gotham to the City of the Angels and the Devil was in the Chateau Lafite and Chuck Clegg (or Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken) too tight in the Brooks sailor suit and all men too suddenly brothers under the meenk, which is for football

And, of course, the herdic (and the firkin) ready and waiting, and the critic being sick in his hat

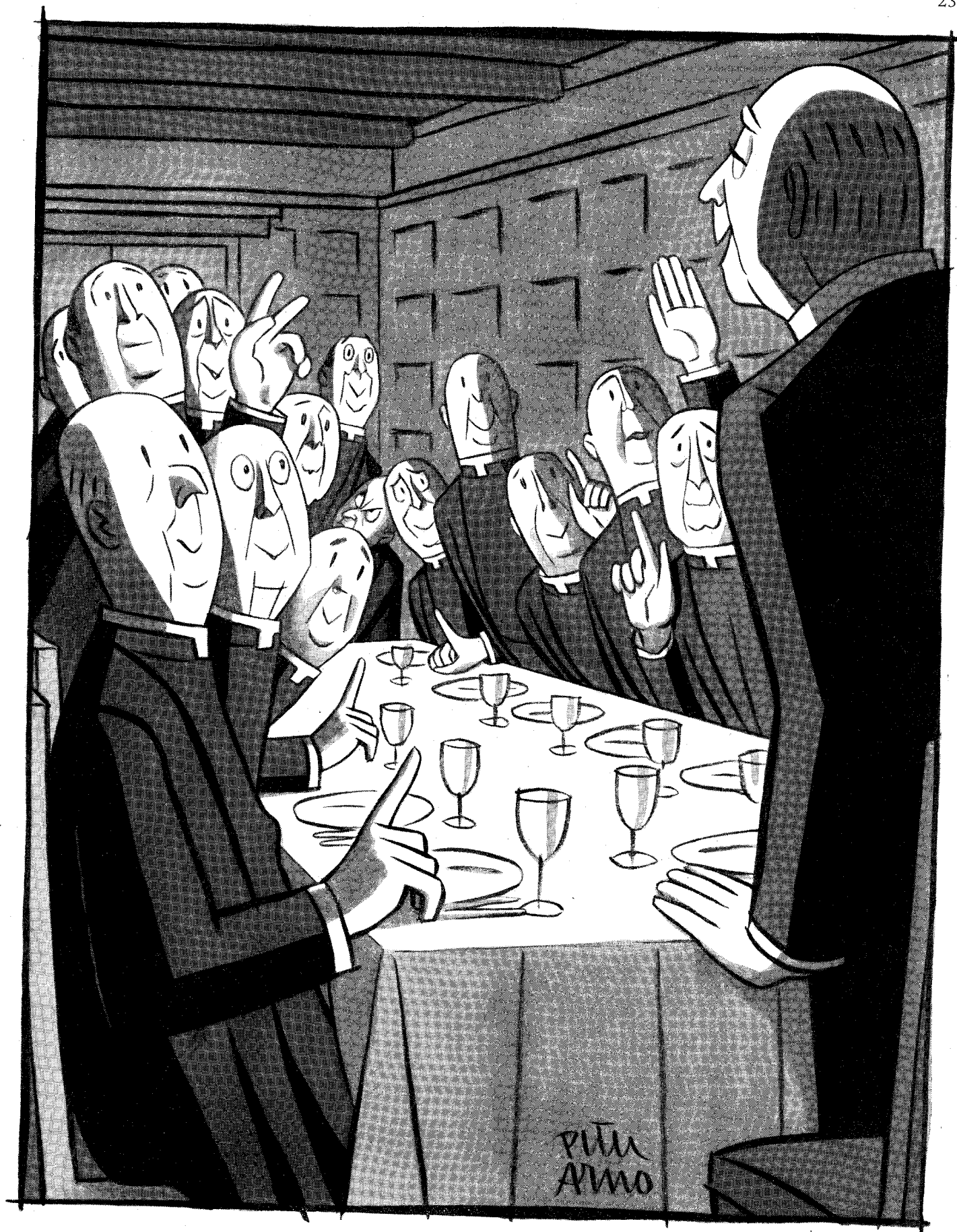
—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"Higby, you're fired! No—er—damn it! As you were!"

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23—(INS)—Price Administrator Bowles told the Senate Small Business Committee yesterday that sugar rationing cannot be lifted unless domestic production is increased very greatly and that the increase of production rests with War Food Administrator Jones and four grandchildren.—*St. Louis Star-Times*.

Couldn't be in better hands.



"Now who shall say grace?"

DUMMY RUN

"YOU hear what I hear, Clyde?" The fat man in the sheepskin coat shifted his heavy boots on the sill of the stove and looked up from his newspaper. "My ears maybe, or is that another batch?"

The young man at the desk raised his eyes from his book and listened attentively. From the street outside came the dry, crunching sound of heavy footsteps approaching on the snow.

"I'll tell them," Clyde said in a low voice as he stood up. "Too bad they have to come all this way for nothing on a night like this."

He glanced toward the door and then across the wooden railing that divided into two sections the single room of the small frame building which served as immigration depot for the crews of ships loading or unloading in this Canadian port or anchored in its harbor while waiting orders to join convoys. The door from the street opened into the office section of the room, which contained the small stove and the desk, a couple of extra chairs, and, near the door, a long, waist-high wooden counter. The other and larger part of the room, dimly lit and very cold, was an improvised waiting room with wooden benches running along its bare walls. About twenty seamen—American, British, Canadian—were asleep or dozing on the benches; each of them wore a pink slip tucked in the ribbon of his hat. They had come ashore that morning or the day before on twelve- to twenty-four-hour passes and were now waiting for the harbor launch to take them back to their ships. Clyde saw that none of them had been roused by the approaching footsteps. He walked to the counter. The door opened and he dipped his head slightly to avoid the rush of

wind and swirl of snow that came hurtling into the room.

"Close it, Clyde," the fat man said irritably from the depths of his sheepskin collar. "Tell them to close that damned thing."

The door slammed shut. Six men and a woman had come in. They stamped the snow from their boots and stood in an awkward group, blinking helplessly in the weak yellow light.

"Good evening," Clyde said pleasantly. "Terrible night, isn't it?"

The newcomers nodded very quickly, as though they had been reprimanded for some unconscious act of impoliteness. Five of the men were young—under thirty. They wore heavy blue mackinaws and blue pancake hats. A line of gold print, the characters strange and foreign, ran around the bands of their hats. The sixth man was older, perhaps forty or forty-five, with a

strong, lean face and very broad shoulders. He wore a thick brown overcoat and an officer's cap without insignia. The woman was completely muffled in an old raccoon coat with a huge collar that stood up around her head and hid her face. They looked as though they had just come from a shopping expedition. The five young sailors were carrying clusters of small parcels, paper sacks with packages of toothpaste and shaving cream sticking out of their tops, a string bag full of oranges, and cartons of cigarettes. The woman had a large, unwrapped box of face tissues under one arm and, clutched tightly in a mittened hand, a bouquet of gaudy artificial flowers whose stems were wrapped in the glazed tan paper peculiar to five-and-ten-cent stores. The older man carried no parcels. Clyde's greeting seemed to puzzle and embarrass them. The five young sailors and the woman looked expectantly at the older man. He took off one glove, stepped up to the

counter, and held out seven pink slips of paper. They had obviously been torn from the same pad as the slips that the sleeping men in the larger section of the room were wearing in their hats.

"Tell them to scram," the fat man in the sheepskin coat said behind Clyde. "There's no boats going out to-night."

"I know what to tell them, Coombes," Clyde spoke without turning, and his high voice shook with faint annoyance, but he smiled across the counter at the older man in the officer's cap. "I'm sorry about these," Clyde said, and tapped the pink slips in the man's hand. "We can't send you out to your ship to-night. A lot of ice has formed in the harbor and a lot more has drifted down from Bedford Basin. The launch can't get through it tonight in the dark. I suggest you try to find some accommodations here in town for the night, and tomorrow morning, at



eight-thirty, we'll send you all out to your ships. We should be able to get through the ice or around it in daylight. We can't try it tonight."

The older man laid the pink slips on the counter and pointed to them with a large forefinger. It was plain that he hadn't understood Clyde's explanation.

"They're a bunch of Poles from that freighter came in last night," Coombes said from his place at the stove. "That's the captain or the first mate or something with his wife and those five young guys are his gun crew. They came through on the morning launch when Drew was on duty and he gave them twelve-hour passes. They don't talk English. Tell them to beat it till tomorrow morning eight-thirty."

"How can I tell them if they don't understand English?" Clyde said in an exasperated tone. "I wish you'd let me do this in my own—"

Coombes dropped his heavy boots from the ledge of the stove with a bang that rattled the kettle steaming on top. He stood up and walked over to the wooden railing that divided the room.

"Hey!" he called loudly. "Any of you men speak Polish?" The seamen asleep or dozing on the benches stirred. Several looked up and squinted at Coombes. "Polish," he said, his voice rising. "Any of you men speak Polish? Any of you understand it?" The men looked at one another and back at Coombes. Nobody answered. Coombes took the pipe from his mouth and spat across the rail in disgust. He walked back to his chair beside the stove and sat down. "No Polish. Nobody understands them and they don't understand us. Just tell them to beat it. Do it in sign language. Anything. Get them out of here."

"I'm afraid we cannot send you out tonight," Clyde said, spacing his words and enunciating with care, as though he were talking to a deaf man. "There is ice in the harbor. Do you understand? Ice? Ice in harbor? *No boats tonight.*"



"Mr. Dodd and I just want you to cook very simple meals, do a little dusting and bed-making, and be happy."

The middle-aged Pole turned and spoke sharply to the group behind him. The five young sailors shifted their parcels and dug into their blue mackinaws. The woman put the bouquet of artificial flowers into her other hand and opened her fur coat to reach an inner pocket. The huge collar fell away from her face and the bulky coat dropped open, revealing an attractive, slender woman in her early thirties. She and the five young sailors handed small, square booklets to the older man. He bounced them on the wooden counter to make an even pile and pushed it across toward Clyde.

"No, no," Clyde said. "We don't want your passports. We saw your passports when you came through in the morning, when you went ashore, when our Mr. Drew gave you these twelve-hour passes." He smiled quickly, a friendly, strained grimace. "Nothing wrong with your passports." He waved his hand across the railing toward the men on the benches. "Nobody's going back tonight. These men are all staying over tonight, too." He pushed the passports back across the counter and

then, remembering, began again to space his words and raise his voice. "You find place sleep tonight. Hotel or rooming house. Come back in morning." He stopped. The older man was staring at him, the lean, strong face expressionless except for his eyebrows, which were rising slowly. "You can all stay here if you like. On benches like the other men. But I think—" Clyde stopped again and all of his thin face grew as red as the tip of his thin nose. "The lady with you. I think it's too cold for her to sit up all night in there. I don't think it would be—" His uneven voice petered out.

"Lay off the lady stuff," Coombes said drily. "That's his wife and these Poles get jealous easy. He'll take a sock at you."

Clyde looked with embarrassment at the Pole; apparently the older man had not understood. He put the passports in his pocket, his face still blank. With a deliberate, dignified gesture he pointed to a line of print on one of the pink slips: "Your launch will leave Bedford Wharf at ——" "10:30 P.M." was pencilled in the blank space. Then



"All I know is it does something to within a ten-thousandth of an inch."

he pointed up at the old alarm clock hanging from a nail in the wall. The clock showed twenty-five minutes after ten.

"I know," Clyde said patiently, his high voice becoming more ragged. "Ordinarily we would have a launch going out at ten-thirty. But tonight we—" He stopped, struck by an idea. He took one of the pink slips, crossed out "10:30 P.M.," and wrote in "8:30 A.M." above it. "You see?" he said eagerly, tapping the slip with his pencil and leaning far forward across the counter as though he hoped to cross the barrier of language by bringing himself physically closer to the other man. "Not tonight. Not ten-thirty. Tomorrow morning. Tomorrow morning eight-thirty. Time is changed. Because of ice. Ice in harbor. Too dangerous. No boat tonight. No—" He stopped again and pointed desperately to the figures "8:30 A.M." on the pink slip. There was no sign of understanding from the impassive Pole. Clyde drew a deep breath and waved his hand toward the men in the other section of the room. "It's not only you. All these men—they're not going at ten-thirty tonight.

All waiting for tomorrow. You better try to find a place to stay for the night. You can use the phone here to call a hotel. I'll help you if you want." Like a teacher explaining a problem with diagrams on a blackboard, he pointed to the box phone on the wall, flanked by a large Canadian Pacific calendar and a newspaper picture of Winston Churchill. "Find hotel," he said. "Or rooming house. And then tomorrow—"

The sound of laughter, low but derisive, came across the rail from the other section of the room. "How's about cutting out the jokes so we can sleep," one of the American sailors called. "If there was a room anywhere in this town, you think we'd be sitting up all night in this icebox?"

CLYDE tugged helplessly at the folds of the woollen muffler around his neck. The middle-aged Pole looked without expression across the railing at the men sprawled on the benches, shifted his glance to Clyde, to Coombes beside the stove, and then back to Clyde. Slowly he pulled off his other glove, unbuttoned his thick brown overcoat, dipped into an inside pocket, and pulled

out a fat wallet. He slid open the zipper fastener and, very deliberately, began to count out a pile of bank notes on the counter. Clyde stared blankly.

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun," Coombes said. Clyde turned, his face puzzled. "He don't believe us," Coombes said slowly, getting up. "He thinks we're not sending them back because they're Poles or something." He pulled the pipe from his mouth and came up to the counter. "He wants to pay us for sending the launch out."

"We can't do that." Clyde swung back to face the Pole. "It's not a question of money. You're entitled to the launch trip free. It's the ice. Ice in harbor. No boat because of ice. Ice. No boat. Dangerous."

The Pole drew several more bank notes from his wallet and added them to the pile. His face was still blank, but there was a suggestion of contempt in the movement of his wrist as he flicked the money over.

"Who says we can't?" Coombes' bilious face was creased with cold anger. He spoke to Clyde but he kept his glance on the Pole. "We can't

send the launch because it might get banged around. Sure. But if this wise guy is willing to put up the dough for any damage, O.K." He grinned unpleasantly as he pulled the sheepskin collar up higher around his ears and buttoned it across his chin. "Stamp up those passes. I'll take them out."

"Listen, Coombes. That's—"

"Stamp them up," Coombes said, his cold glance fixed on the Pole. "I'll take them out, the wise guy."

Clyde hesitated, then picked up the rubber stamp, punched it down on an ink pad, and began hitting the pink slips. He stamped six and stopped.

"I'm not going to stamp the woman's," he said. "The men, all right, if they insist. But I'm not going to stamp the woman's."

"Stop being a damn fool," Coombes snapped. "It's their funeral. They're asking for it."

"I don't care," Clyde said stubbornly. His voice quivered. "The men, all right, if they insist. But not the woman. It's too cold and it might be dangerous. I'm not going to—" Coombes snatched angrily at the rubber stamp. Clyde swung it out of reach. "No," the

younger man said in a shaking voice. "If you stamp the woman's, if you take the woman, I'll report you, Coombes. The others, all right. They're insisting. But not the woman."

Coombes glared at him. "All right," he said finally. He came around from behind the counter and poked his finger at the five sailors and the middle-aged man. "You and you and you and you three. Not the woman. Come on." The middle-aged Pole said something sharply. Coombes shook his head. "I don't know what you're saying, brother, but if it's about the woman, no soap. Here." He thrust the pink slips at the six men. "You coming or not?"

The Pole turned to Clyde and spoke again, a stream of short, sharp words.

"No," Clyde said, his face white. "I'm sorry. It's too cold and it might be dangerous. I won't let the lady run the risk."

All the control seemed to go out of the Pole's face. He hit the counter with his big fist and spoke angrily, in a furious roar. The upper part of Clyde's body bent backward, away from the angry man, but the front button of his jacket still touched the edge of the wooden counter. He shoved the seventh pink slip behind his back and shook his head again.

"No," he said. "I'm sorry. She can't go. It's too dangerous."

The Pole drew a deep breath, turned to the five young men, and spoke in a low voice. The young men nodded. The middle-aged Pole placed his own pink slip on top of the bank notes, moving his wrist with the small, contemptuous gesture.

"O.K., he's staying behind, too," Coombes said brusquely. "Come on, you guys." He pushed through the swinging gate in the wooden railing. The five young Poles followed him across the room toward another door, which led to the dock. There was a flurry of movement among the men on the benches. "Don't get excited," Coombes said to them. "This is only a dummy run. There's no launch in the harbor can get through that ice tonight, but these birds are willing to pay for taking a chance. Relax, you guys. You got till eight-thirty tomorrow morning."

He pulled open the door, ducked his head into the wind and the snow, and the five young men followed him out onto the dock. The men on the benches sank back. In the other section of the room the young woman and the Pole remained erect, staring at the closed door. From the dock outside came the

sputter of a motor. The sound became a roar, rose higher and higher, and began to fade. Soon it was gone and the only sound in the room was the gentle hissing of the kettle on the stove. Clyde's hand shook as he brought it out from behind his back to place the lady's pink slip next to the rubber stamp.

"Would you care to come in here?" he said awkwardly, with a gesture toward the stove. "The lady, she might be warmer near the stove? In here? Warmer for the lady?"

The middle-aged man gave him a long glance, full of hatred and contempt, stalked to the benches, and sat down on a vacant seat. The young woman followed timidly, clutching the box of face tissues and the bouquet of artificial flowers, and sat down next to the man. She placed the box on the seat beside her but still held the artificial flowers. The other men in the room stared at them curiously for a while, then relaxed into their former postures. The Pole and the young woman sat

erect and stared straight ahead, across the heads of the reclining men. Clyde sat down at the desk and picked up his book. During the hour that followed he did not turn a single page.

At last, muffled by the snow and the wind, came the purring roar of the motor. The men who were not asleep sat up straight. Clyde put down his book. The middle-aged Pole and the young woman turned their heads slightly. The purring roar grew louder and then it stopped. Clyde looked at the alarm clock. It showed twenty minutes to midnight. Feet tramped heavily across the snow-covered dock. The door opened and Coombes came in, followed by the five young sailors. Everybody watched as they crossed the room. Coombes walked with a firm, fast, purposeful stride, slapping fresh snow from his coat. The young Poles moved more slowly, uncertainly. They all looked tired and very cold. Coombes snatched the pile of bank notes from the counter,



"Are you sure it's only a toy?"

pushed through the wooden gate, and strode to the bench where the Polish officer and his wife were sitting.

"Here." Coombes dropped the money contemptuously into the man's lap. "We don't want your dough."

He shoved his way back through the gate, went behind the counter, and flung himself into the chair beside the stove.

"What happened?" Clyde said. "Did you—"

"What did you expect to happen?"

Coombes barked the words as he filled his pipe, tamping the tobacco in with fierce thrusts of his thumb. "We couldn't get through. The ice is too damn thick and you can't see where the hell you're going in all that damn snow." He jerked his head toward the other section of the room, where the five young sailors were talking rapidly to the older man, explaining in Polish what had happened. "We used up a little gas, but at least we'll have some peace around here. Damn near froze their ears off, but now they can tell that wise guy when I say a launch can't get through, it can't get through." He lit his pipe, taking huge, angry sucks on the stem, and buried his head in the newspaper.

Almost immediately the door from the street opened and a man wearing a heavy coat sweater and a peaked cap came in. "Hello, Clyde," he said, brushing the snow from his sweater as he walked behind the counter. "Hello, Coombes."

Coombes grunted without raising his head from the newspaper.

"Hello, Drew," Clyde said. "You're early."

"The hell I am." The newcomer blocked out half of Winston Churchill's face by hanging his peaked cap on one of the nails that held the picture to the wall. "That alarm clock is slow. It's after midnight. You been off duty five minutes already, Clyde, only you don't know it." He laughed, walked over to the counter, glanced idly at the papers there, and looked across to the benches. "This whole bunch waiting for the eight-thirty?"

"Yes," Clyde said. He stood up, took his neatly folded overcoat from the back of his chair, and slipped into it. "Their passes are all stamped. All except one." He finished buttoning his coat, picked up

the unstamped pink slip from the counter, and marked it with the rubber stamp. "Those seven over there," he said in a low voice, keeping his glance on the man who was relieving him, "they're Poles. They don't understand English. You might make the lady a cup of tea later if you get a chance." He nodded toward the kettle on the stove. "She'll be pretty cold by morning."

"Sure," Drew said cheerfully. "I remember them going through this morning."

He looked across the railing at the woman and winked at Clyde. "Not bad, huh?"

"You, too?" Coombes said from behind the newspaper. "Why don't you two guys keep your mind on your work?"

"What's up?" Drew said with a sly grin. "Clyde been—"

"Quit it," Clyde said, his face bright red. "It's just she'll probably be cold

and it's a long wait till eight-thirty." He walked out from behind the counter, pushed through the wooden gate, and stopped in front of the group of Poles. His hand shook as he put the pink slip on the middle-aged man's lap. "This is the pass for the lady." He spoke slowly and clearly, his voice quivering, like a convicted prisoner who knows the jury will not believe him but makes his final, hopeless protest of innocence for the record. He looked directly at the man and carefully avoided looking at the woman. "You'll all get through to your ship in the morning, when it's light. I hope the wait isn't too uncomfortable for you. Good night."

He swung around abruptly, pushed through the gate, and pulled his coat collar up around his narrow head as he walked stiffly toward the door, like a man who knows he may be shot in the back but is determined not to give way to his terror by turning or running.

"So long," Drew said. "See you tomorrow."

"So long," Clyde said, pulling the door open. "Good night, Coombes."

"Good night," Coombes grunted from behind the newspaper. "Close that damn door, will you? It's—"

He stopped and lowered the newspaper. Clyde was hesitating at the door. The middle-aged Pole had jumped up. Everybody watched as he took the young woman by the hand and helped her to her feet. He led her through the swinging gate, toward the door, his

lean face expressionless. The young woman walked trustingly beside him. Clyde stood there, his hand on the knob of the open door, his head bent slightly against the wind and the snow that poured in and seemed to freeze him in his tracks. His frightened face grew white and he stepped back slightly when the Pole reached him, as though he expected to be struck. The Pole stopped and bowed stiffly. He took the bouquet of artificial flowers from the young woman and held it out. Clyde stared at the older man, at the flowers, at the young woman, and then back at the man. The Pole bowed again and held the flowers out further. The young woman curtsied. Drew started to laugh. Clyde flushed scarlet.

"It's for you," Drew said. "He's making you a present."

Clyde reached out hesitantly, his hand shaking, and took the flowers. His fingers slipped on the glazed tan paper and he almost dropped them.

"Thank you," he mumbled. Then he cleared his throat and spoke louder. "Thank you very much."

The Pole bowed once more and said something in his own language. The young woman nodded gravely. Clyde stared at the flowers, which he held gingerly, as though he expected them to explode, and then his thin, scared face broke into a small smile of gratitude and understanding. He bowed stiffly, awkwardly, to the Pole. He whipped off his old felt hat and bowed to the young woman. Both of them bowed to him.

"Listen," Coombes called. "You going to close that damn door or you going to let the—" The door slammed shut and Clyde was gone. For a few moments the sound of his steps on the snow could be heard and then it faded out in the windy night. The Pole and the young woman walked back to their bench. The kettle hissed gently in the silent room. "What do you say, Drew?" Coombes said from behind his newspaper. "You going to make that lady that cup of tea now?"

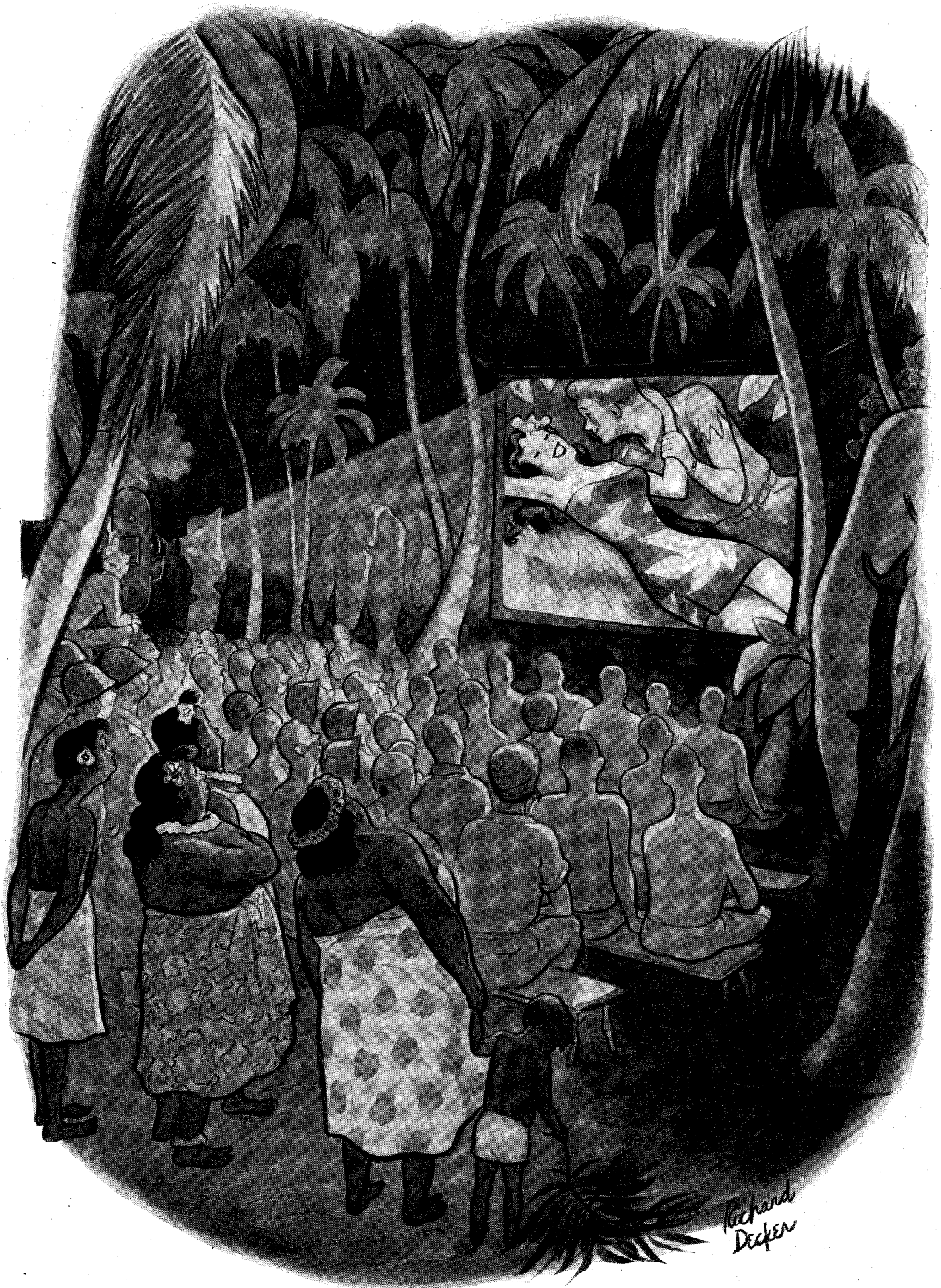
—JEROME WEIDMAN

NEW YORK, Oct. 20—Benny Goodman, popular swing music band leader, has been elected to the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art at the Juilliard School. He will conduct a course in the techniques of the clarinet.

The hyena's jaws are strong enough to crush hard bones.—*Boston Globe*.

Which is handy when you're in the groove.







A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOMeward

I- THE TEIA MARU



WE stood on the quay and stared at the overcrowded deck of the Teia Maru with dismay. The ship, anchored well out from the shore, seemed to sag toward us, laden down on our side with formless bodies. There were a hundred and twenty of us, some Americans and the rest Canadians, waiting to board the first of a series of two repatriation ships which would take us home. We were weary after a day of being pushed. We had been taken from Hong Kong to the quay on Stanley Beach in a tiny fishing launch that knocked us around for an hour and a half, and all but the most stubborn had been sick. We had spent hours standing in a barren building while our luggage was searched, and then hours just standing. Now we stood some more, looking at the ship, while the people on the ship, repatriates from Japan and Shanghai, looked at us, and, thronging the top of the stone wall of the Stanley prison camp, our friends who had to stay behind stared at our backs. It was raining. It had been raining off and on all day.

At last, we were loaded into two launches and, after several awkward and hazardous attempts to come alongside the Teia Maru, they managed to make it. When we were aboard, there was an hour of excitement while we were being sorted out alphabetically and assigned to our quarters by a bossy group of Americans who had, under the supervision of the Japanese officers of the ship, set themselves up as the Committee. We had the new, confusing sensation of being pushed by Americans instead of Japanese. Then people I didn't recognize ran up and called me by name, and out of the blur they resolved themselves into attenuated versions of old Shanghai friends. Then I began to recognize people who in turn didn't know me, perhaps a little attenuated myself. The ship rocked gently at anchor. Carrying my two-year-old daughter, Carola, in my arms, I found my corner of a long, narrow, three-bunk cabin and sat down on a bunk, the baby in my lap. Promptly and considerably, she went to sleep.

IT was with the superior feeling of an old-timer that, three days later, I watched the next batch of passen-

gers climb aboard at a port in the Philippines. I was pretty well talked out by that time and, as an experienced refugee, I took a lively professional interest in the appearance of the new refugees who climbed aboard. No cannibal ever surveyed the plumpness of visitors with a sharper eye than did we, the Hong Kong people, who were proud of the distinction of having been hungrier than any other Europeans in the Far East. The Philippine crowd, we agreed, looked fairly well, though no better than the Shanghai one. A couple of days later, we picked up our last batch, the Saigon people, who looked disgustingly comfortable and well nourished; the women wore hats and one girl, it was heatedly whispered, had actually brought chocolates aboard. It was the scandal of the day. We paused at Singapore, but we didn't pick up anybody, much to our selfish relief. It would have mattered to some of the other passengers, but it wouldn't have mattered to me, because my cabin was already crowded to the limit. The baby and I shared the room with a Mrs. Lenz (a Chinese lady whose husband is a Eurasian of American nationality) and her four small girls. I was lucky to be in a cabin at all; the rows of bunks in the public rooms of one of the upper decks, where the childless ladies lived, were windy and the hold, where most of the men were quartered, was stifling. Altogether, there were fifteen hundred of us packed on a ship that had been built to carry seven hundred. Uneasy and cramped, we wandered restlessly on deck, bumping into one another and stepping over stretched-out legs and stealing chairs and sitting on greasy machinery. The custom of waiting in line had conditioned us for that aspect of communal life, and we stood patiently in long queues for our chance to buy coffee or liquor.

The Teia Maru had once been a French ship, the Aramis, and she still had her old stock of wines and liquors. True, the steward used his own judgment about when to sell what; you drank champagne one day and gin the next, whether you liked it or not. I had burgundy at midnight and kummel next morning, but never mind—it made the

days pass. If you drank, you stayed up most of the night, naturally. The people who prayed at night were noisy about it, and so were the people who drank, so, even if you did neither you didn't sleep anyway. One night, on my tenth turn around the deck, just before I popped down to make sure the baby hadn't rolled off the bed, I saw a woman I knew sitting disconsolately in the lounge. Everybody else there was stretched out in unlovely sleep and the air rang with noises from all over the vessel. "This damned ship!" she said, between her teeth.

Damned as the ship was, within a week we had all settled in. I slept on a straw pallet on the floor of my cabin, under a porthole, just next to the bunk on which Carola, night after night, crawled for miles in the normal manner of a sleeping two-year-old. In the middle of the cabin, Mrs. Lenz and her youngest baby, Meimei, slept at one end of another bunk, while her next youngest girl, Kathleen, occupied the other end. The remaining bunk was filled by the two other girls, Josephine and Theresa. If one of them felt temperamental, however, she, too, occupied a straw pallet on the floor; that is, until she rolled off it and under her bunk. I seemed always to be stepping around or over Theresa. During the day our five young children played on the floor, which was never properly swept. It was always littered with a choice collection of old bread crusts and bits of candied sweet potato, so there were lots of ants, but we got used to them. We got used to everything. Early in the morning I would step out of the door carrying Carola's pot, and no matter how early it was, I always became involved in quantities of kneeling nuns, who were praying in the corridor outside the tiny cabin of an ailing mother superior. "Excuse me," I would murmur, stepping from side to side to avoid black skirts and billowing draperies, "excuse me." The nuns would cease crossing themselves to gather their skirts and make room for me, down and down and down the corridor, until I achieved the ladies' room and there joined the inevitable queue.

At six in the morning, the tap in our cabin, tied down with an old handker-

chief so we wouldn't miss a drop of water when there was any, would gasp and gurgle. "Mrs. Lenz!" I would cry shrilly. "Water!" Then, for the next hour, while the water ran, we would rush back and forth washing clothes and children and filling bottles. The children clamored for something to chew on, and we would feed them odd pieces of bread, stolen from last night's table, and oranges saved over from past breakfasts. So another layer of crumbs would join the collection on the floor. Then the sun would rise and we would go up on deck and start pushing our way through the crowd.

MOST people, when they think of a repatriation ship from the Far East, seem to think that the passenger list is made up entirely of missionaries, diplomats, journalists, and oil men. They either forget, or don't know, that there is also likely to be what the better element regards as a worse element. Our ship was, in certain ways, dominated by it. Half of our passengers—and these were of course in the genteel category—were missionaries. There was always a singsong going on somewhere. Lectures were given in odd corners of the deck, on child psychology and on the natives of Indo-China, on cooperative economics and on Bible interpretation. Meanwhile, down in what was once second class, our worse element, known to some of us as the Dead End Kids, raised hell. There were about a dozen Dead End Kids. Some had been merchant seamen before the war, some had been gamblers, some Regular Army men until they had bought their way out of the service. Some chose to keep their pasts delicately to themselves. Most of them came from Manila. A few had done some years' time in North China. They stayed in second class not because they belonged there, for no distinction was made

between passengers; you took the place you were given to sleep in and you were allowed to go anywhere on the ship except the high, remote places reserved for the Japanese. The Dead End Kids preferred second class. I heard about one of them, Johnny, as soon as someone had time to tell me after I got on board. Johnny was in the brig because he had conked somebody with a champagne bottle. He was let out after twenty-four hours. According to Japanese law, it seems, nobody can be kept locked up aboard ship longer than that. Johnny was an ex-soldier who had boarded the ship at Shanghai and he had already been in the brig twice for the same offense. Both times, too, it had been a champagne bottle. Johnny had leanings toward the upper classes. Not so Bill, his roommate. Bill, I was told, was a really bad one; he skulked and growled and had it in for the white-collar boys, and wouldn't even consent to come up on deck to look around. I claimed that

this attitude made him less dangerous than Johnny, but other upper-deck people didn't agree with me. "He's got an inferiority complex," they said. Johnny, however, was considered a good enough fellow and his outbursts were blamed on liquor and the fact that he had American Indian blood. I didn't see Johnny for several days after boarding the Teia Maru and I never saw Bill at all.

It was Carola who introduced me to the Dead End Kids. She picked up one named Bob a day out of our Philippine port, where, incidentally, he had sat on the dock screaming drunkenly at passersby. "That's a sweet kid you got there," he said, walking up with Carola to where I was sitting on deck. "I love kids. I got one of my own. I love kids and kids love me. My cabin's always full of kids." He made a grab at Carola, who was already regretting her first, impulsive smile. "Yaaaah," said Carola, and hid behind my chair. "Kids always love me," said Bob, and asked if he could



"He reports to Grand Central Palace tomorrow."

borrow a little money to get a bottle of something. I found myself giving it to him. Then he disappeared, as the Dead End Kids always did when they had a bottle, until it was finished. He called on me in my cabin late that night and brought another Dead Ender, named Sammy, with him. Both Bob and Sammy had been seamen, or, at any rate, seamen with one or two vague sidelines. Mrs. Lenz and the children were asleep as the two figures made their precarious way along the wall to my pallet on the floor. "Shhh," I said. "You'll wake the baby." Sammy regarded me in the dim light which the Lenz children insisted on having all night. "You know," he told Bob, "she could con good."

"Never mind that now," said Bob.

"She could, she could con swell. She got brains," Sammy insisted. "Now take me. I'm just a stumblebum. I follow the sea for a living. But she's got class."

They had brought some bread and a wine bottle full of coffee. I was charmed at the discovery that they were able to get bread between meals. Sammy was fairly well dressed in those early days, before the boys started selling each other's clothes to buy wine. In the hot daytime, however, he made no secret of his tattooed torso. He possessed the usual mermaids, dates, and bleeding daggers, but the interesting part of his décor was just over his heart, where he had not one but two tattoos that had been sternly blocked out. "Don't walk around the deck with him," a Shanghai businessman pleaded with me. "It looks like hell."

I still can't decide who behaved with less kindness and tolerance—the Dead End Kids or the missionaries. Their attitude toward each other was the same, a fierce hatred. What interested me was that neither bunch took the trouble to have any opinion at all about the middle class, the burghers. These in-between folk, who for the most part felt that they were on the side of the angels, didn't really enjoy the company of the missionaries and complained that there were too many church meetings, but just the same, they said, nobody could deny that the missions had done, on the whole, a lot of good, whereas those law-breaking bums belowdecks were a shame to the nation and it was outrageous that they should be on the ship at all. Such able-bodied young men as did not raise hell, except in a fairly restrained and gentlemanly way, were automatically placed on the ship's po-

CHRISTMAS, I FEAR, AS USUAL

Although turkeys and trees are scarce this year and rationing exacting... it is not expected to interfere with the traditional holiday celebration.—*The Times*.

Skeptic, regard this valiant creed.

Look, scorner, and withhold your scorn.

Turkeyless, rationed, and untreed,

Draws near the inevitable Morn.

Again appropriate blizzards freshen.

Again the postman, breathing hard,

Lugs round in terrible procession

The regimented greeting card.

Still do the carols, sweet, ethereal,

Upon this hopeful welkin ring,

Sponsoring someone's Breakfast Cereal

Or crooned, ineffably, by Bing.

What though the world in flames is rocking

And suet pudding yields to soy,

Still from the fabricated stocking

Triumphant peers the plastic toy.

So innocent children everywhere,

Rapt in the dream which never ceases,

May crunch the chocolate on the chair

And take mechanic dolls to pieces.

Now, as before, the gift cravat

Wears in its stripes the selfsame onus.

The candle flickers in the flat.

Homeward commuters fetch their bonus.

Still droops the holly on the door,

Still gleams a star across the land,

And once again the Janitor

Puts out a grim, expectant hand.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

lice squad by the Committee. These cops were all drawn from the middle class. Their duties were to guard against fire and theft and to prevent women from being molested, unless willing. The Dead Enders called them the Goon Squad. The young priests aboard were in a neutral camp. Despite the frowns of their elders, they drank with-in reason, strummed on the piano, and

talked to girls. Lots of the Dead Enders were Catholics and they approved of this. The Protestant missionaries did not.

THE ship's first major drama involved Kitty. Kitty, a Eurasian of American nationality, was on her way home with her parents and seven brothers and sisters to see her fatherland for the first time. I had hired her to take care of Carola. This included soothing the baby's terrified cries whenever she encountered Bob. Bob, in his own words, quickly pegged Kitty. Kitty is pretty. In almost no time at all, Bob was furiously in love with her and was determined to marry her immediately. He didn't tell her about it, though, until a time when he was fairly drunk and she was not encumbered with Carola. He proposed one evening in the middle of a large crowd of people in the first-class lounge. He did it at the top of his





"One thing you got to admit—it's Christmasy."

voice. "Even Mummy was there," said the scandalized Kitty, reporting the incident to me. I had already heard about it, for Bob, in a frenzy of honorable intentions, had burst into my cabin, even though everybody was asleep, to ask me for Kitty's hand and to suggest that I put in a good word for him. He seemed to have taken everyone into his confidence before he approached Kitty. One of the priests, whom I'll call the Padre, mistakenly assumed that a family the size of Kitty's must necessarily be Catholic. It worried him to think of a member of his flock falling victim to Bob's blandishments (Bob was a Catholic too, and the priest knew him well), so he took Bob off in a corner and spoke to him.

"That girl Kitty," he said. "You

leave her alone. I know you, and she's too good for you."

"I mean to marry her," said Bob very loudly.

"Well," said the Padre firmly, "she's too good for you and I'm going to break it up."

Bob squared off. "How?" he demanded.

It is alleged that the Padre said, "I got my methods."

I doubt that the Padre need have worried. Bob was having no luck at all. Whenever he approached Kitty, if he so much as called her Sweet Pea, you could hear her coldly saying, over Carola's terrified screams, "Go away." Nevertheless, the Padre took steps, mysterious ones, and in a short time they were effective. I happened one morn-

ing to tell Kitty that Bob was very ill with bronchitis. "I don't care if he dies," she said with a vigor that surprised me, for she is a patient, good-tempered girl. However, that afternoon she explained it all. The Padre had warned her that Bob was a no-good young man who had been boasting of his imaginary conquest of her. "In front of all those drunks, too," the Padre told her. "He said that he'd had you down in his cabin for two nights running." Kitty wept as she told me about it, and together we confronted Bob and demanded an explanation. He blew his top. Never, he said, had he spoken a word that would tarnish any young woman's reputation. He had meant to marry Kitty and had done some talking about his intention, but that was all. He

rushed off to attack the Padre, leaving us in a highly satisfactory state of tremors.

Well, Bob interviewed the Padre. There were heated words and denials. For several days Bob had an awful beef with the Church. You could hear him on the subject anywhere, at any time of the day or night. He was, he said, through with the Church. He had been a good Catholic all his life, but this was the payoff. They couldn't use his cabin any more to say Mass in. "To get anywhere on this boat," he shouted in the lounge, "a guy's got to have a Bible in one hand and a rosary in the other!" The nuns, clustered nearby, pretended not to hear. Bob's revolt became more and more intense. He cornered another priest and told him the whole story, and the priest said calmly that he didn't believe it. "Anyway, how could you have married this girl?" he asked, reasonably. "You've got a wife in Manila."

"Well," said Bob, "she divorced me while I was in the concentration camp. For non-support. And if any chippy squaw thinks she can do that to me—"

"There is no such thing as divorce," said the priest sternly. "Come and talk to me when you're sober."

There was only one possible climax, and it came soon. Bob encountered the Padre on deck, they argued, and the Padre knocked him down. "I hated to do it," he said later, "but did you hear

what he called me in front of all those nuns?"

As for Bob, when he woke up in the morning he had forgotten his beef. He was a good Catholic again. "Don't nobody ever tell my old lady I spoke against the Church," he begged Sammy and me.

"I never seen such a guy in my life," Sammy said. "If a thing like that happened to me, I'd be ashamed, but he goes around boastin' he's been slapped down by a priest."

WE steamed along for days, all alone in the universe. Sometimes we did see birds, which proved that we were not far from the coast of India, but there was never another ship. It was always extremely hot. At night the ship was lit up like a birthday cake. Large white electric crosses shone above the boat deck and everywhere else they could be crowded in. The Japanese left us completely to ourselves. Our only contact with the Rising Sun was through the stewards. They were for the most part unfriendly, but they and the rest of the crew bought whatever the Dead Enders would sell them. As their cash ran short, the boys looked further and further afield for ways to get money to buy liquor. They stole from each other, which was all right, but when other people's property began to disappear, the smoldering distaste of the bourgeoisie

made itself felt. I was sent down as an envoy to the boys' gathering place in second class one morning. I found them tired out after a particularly noisy binge, and quiet and well behaved, unaware of the disapproval above-decks. There was Tommy, nursing a new black eye; there was Steve, whose nose grew bigger and redder every day; there were Sammy and Bob, flaked out—that is, lying down—in their bunks. Steve was in his reciting mood. He gave us "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and "I've Taken My Fun" (to which he added a postscript: "That was wrote by Kipling, Rudyard Kipling"), and a remarkable ballad about two men who were wrongly condemned for rape, and "The Lure of the Tropics." He recited very dramatically, and we were fascinated when he declaimed:

"You see these marks upon my arm?
You wonder what they mean?
These marks were left by the fingers deft
Of my trained nurse, Miss Morphine."

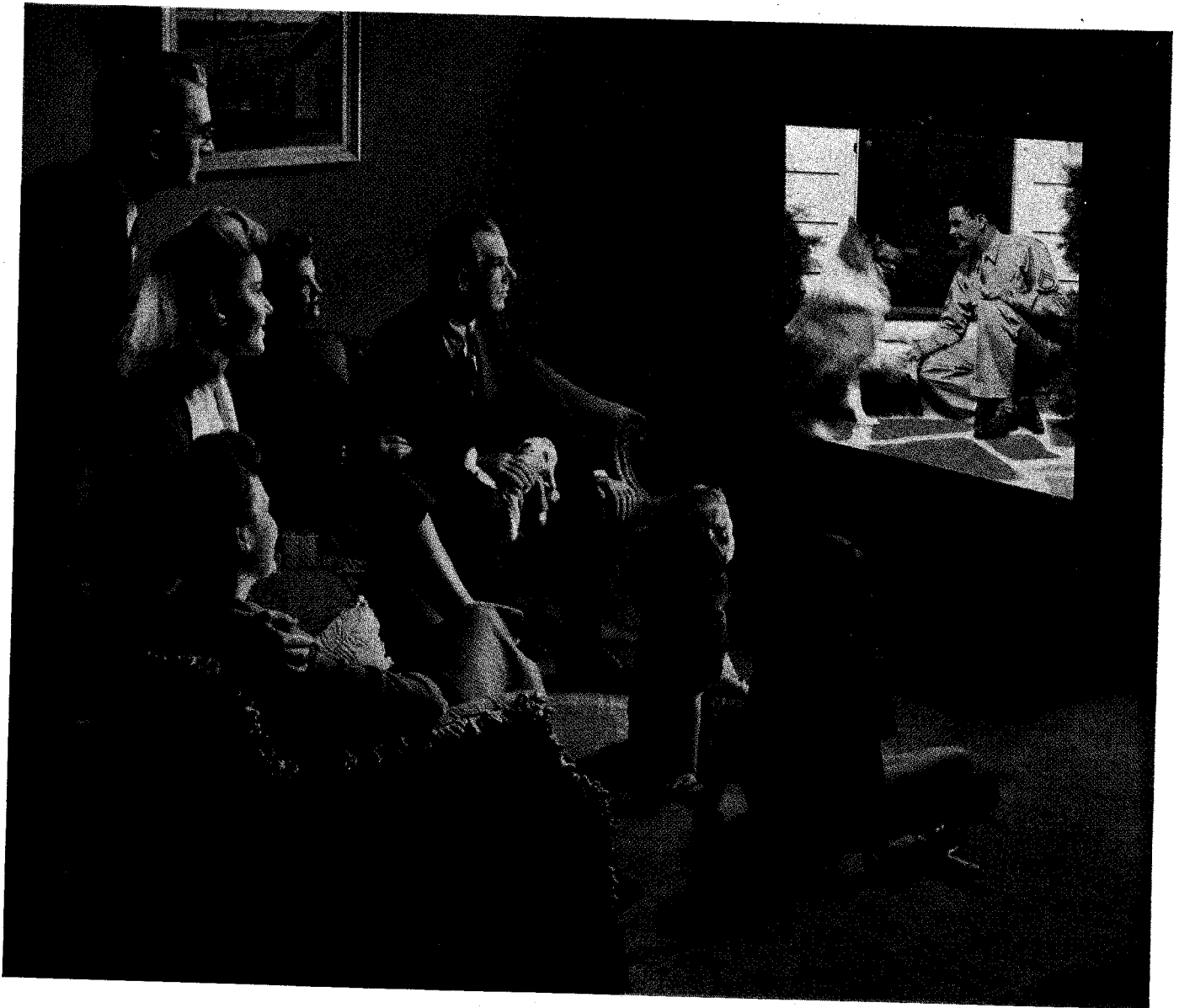
They say this habit's worse than rum.
Well, I guess they're right,
But I'm here to say it drives away
Things that come and stare at night."

It was comfortable and quiet down there. Sammy dozed, now and then waking up to put in a word on that all-absorbing topic among repatriates—weight. "D'you know how much I weighed when I got on board?" Tommy asked. "Thirty-eight. D'you know what I weighed when I shipped from the States? Seventy."

Everybody had something to say about that. Then we all said the usual things about the bad food. Then Tommy said, for the sixth or seventh time, that of all fighters Greb was the sweetheart, and Sammy woke up, and an argument between them followed. At last I cleared my throat and delivered the message I had been sent down with. "I was told to tell you," I began, "that everybody got sort of fed up with the noise you boys were making last night. The Goon Squad says I'm the one to tell you that if you can't quiet down a



"I thought the simplest thing to do was just give everybody cash."



An American Tradition

—HOME MOVIES ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

THIS is a scene from the reel they made the last time Jim was home on leave. And so it is particularly precious to them this Christmas night, when their thoughts are so much with him . . . when, faithful to a family custom of years' standing, they set up the projector, turn out the lights, and relive the happy yesterdays.

Of course film is scarce although you may be able to get a roll. But happily, in any event, there are the reels of other

years, ready and waiting to make this Christmas a memorable one.

*Have your Ciné-Kodak dealer
check your projector . . .*

If you haven't been using your projector as often as usual during this busy year, have your Ciné-Kodak dealer clean it, oil it, and thoroughly check it; then you can be sure it will be running smooth as silk . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Life is a movie — **CINÉ-KODAK** *gets it all*



Remember?

IN Christmases gone by, people everywhere have followed the heart-warming custom of asking friends in to share a cheery cup of Four Roses Egg-Nog.

But *this* holiday season, for most of us, the traditional "Bowl of Merry Christmas" will be just a wistful memory—for cream and eggs and sugar, and even Four Roses itself, are not as easy to get as they have been in the past.

So, this wartime Christmas, for the first time in 8 years, we are

not printing the famous Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe.

But, if you are fortunate enough to have, or get, some Four Roses for your holiday enjoyment (*and we hope you are!*), we wish you'd join us over a mellow, flavorful Four Roses highball in a toast to *next* Christmas and the fervent wish that then, once again, good friends may gather around the time-honored Four Roses "Bowl of Merry Christmas"!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



An explanation to our friends

We hope you will be patient if you sometimes find that your bar or package store is temporarily out of Four Roses. We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for vital war needs.

Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.

little, they understand from Washington that they'll be authorized to take what steps are necessary." I paused and looked at their expressions, which were just what I had expected. "Well," I said, "they asked me to tell you, and I told you."

That night, in spite of an outburst of threats after my speech, in which all but Sammy joined ("I don't want to make no trouble for nobody" was Sammy's philosophy), the Dead Enders kept very quiet. There was trouble, but it came from other quarters. One of the diplomats gave a little party in his cabin after dinner, and he mixed his wines. About one o'clock in the morning, he disappeared from his cabin. A few minutes later, an agitated lady rushed into the cabin, where his guests were still assembled, crying, "Please, somebody come up and get that man. He's yelling 'Fire!' and waking everybody up." It took some time to calm him down. I greeted the spokesman of the Goon Squad rather coldly in the morning. "And now the diplomats have broken out," I said. "What do you do about that?" He looked beaten. "The diplomats and the Japanese," he admitted. "Some Nip officers were throwing bottles around. We hadn't prepared for that eventuality. If this goes on, I'm going to get drunk myself."

AFTER that, things went smoothly for almost twenty-four hours. It is strange to think that my quiet Kitty was the innocent cause of the next stir, too. She didn't mean to do it. She was sitting in the corridor outside the first-class dining saloon while Carola and several other small children scampered about a large packing case, the same one I sometimes sat on while waiting for the dinner gong. A fourteen-year-old boy from Shanghai kicked idly at a loose board of the case, then peered

inside. "Looks like soy sauce," he announced after studying it for a while. "Gosh, what big bottles!" The case was part of the provisions the Japanese had put aboard for their own repatriates on the return trip. "That's not soy sauce," said Kitty, with authority. "That's sake—Japanese wine."

"Wine? Well, gosh," said the boy, who was something of a tough egg himself, "what are we waiting for?"

I was in the vicinity of the Dead End headquarters when the boy brought the news down. Word spread instantaneously through the ship, and soon a line of quick workers was filing past the dining saloon, each one with a bath towel or a coat draped carelessly over his arm. They were large bottles and nobody could carry more than one at a time. It was a large case, too, and took a lot of emptying, and I think that for once nobody will claim that the Dead End Kids did it alone. Half the ship was in on it. By the time the Japanese discovered what had happened and had made a cabin-to-cabin search, there was not a trace of sake anywhere. The Goon Squad had nothing to say. It was a noisy night. The high spot came when the fourteen-year-old boy who had made the discovery brought a bottle, wrapped in a blanket, into Dead End headquarters. "Lemme leave this here for a minute, Bob," he said. "It's for the Padre."

"Did he send you for it?" Bob asked.

"Yeah," said the boy.

"Where is he now?" asked Sammy.

"Round the corner, waiting," said the boy, and went out.

We were all very quiet for a moment. Sammy settled down, his head lying comfortably on his clasped hands. "There's something about that Padre I like," he said dreamily. "I mean it—the guy's got something. I don't know what it is. I guess it's his principles."

WE were due at a port in Goa, in Portuguese India, in a few hours. The Gripsholm was to come in next day and we were to be transferred to her. We would then be free men and women. The Committee announced this on the bulletin board and many people wept for joy, but the Dead End Kids didn't seem to care. They were broke and had sold everything they could lay hands on. Sammy had even lost his temper, something almost unheard of. "I didn't mind when they beat me for my shoes or my shirt," he explained. "I didn't even mind when they got my seabag, but my papers was sewed inside. An' when I lost them, I



CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
with **KENNY BAKER** and **JOHN BOLES**
One Touch of Venus
with **PAULA LAURENCE & TEDDY HART**
Music by **KURT WEILL**
Book by **S. J. PERELMAN & NASH** Lyrics by **OGDEN NASH**
Staged by **ELIA KAZAN**
Dances by **AGNES de MILLE**
Eves. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat.
IMPERIAL Thea., 45th St. West of B'way

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with **ERIC BLORE**
SENIOR WENCES CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN MCCABE
Nadine GAE Tommy WONDER Jack MCCAULEY
and **SUE RYAN**
Staged by **JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON**
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50. (No Perf. Mon.)
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert Reud & Paul Czinner present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in **TWO MRS. CARROLLS**
By Martin Vale
with **VICTOR JORY**
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

"I COULD SEE 'WHAT'S UP' 10 OR 12 TIMES!"
MARK WARNOW presents —Kascoe, World-Telegram.
"WHAT'S UP" NEW MUSICAL HIT
Jimmy Johnny Gloria
SAVO MORGAN WARREN
Staged by **GEORGE BALANCHINE**
NATIONAL • 41 ST. W of B'way • PE. 6-8220
Eves. incl. Sunday 8:30 Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"Rose Franken's
**'Outrageous Fortune' is the
BEST New Play of the Season!**"
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
Journal-Amer., Nov. 15, 1943
48th ST. THEATRE, East of B'way

Josephine HULL Emme SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
"A violently funny and batty murder play."—Time Magazine
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SERVICE MEN
On furlough in New York City and vicinity may obtain admissions to many
BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
through
New York Defense Recreation Comm.
99 Park Avenue New York City

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT

KISS and TELL

NEW YORK with Jessie Royce Landis • Robert Keith • Joan Caulfield
BILTMORE THEATRE

PHILADELPHIA with Violet Heming • Walter Gilbert • Betty Anne Nyman
LOCUST THEATRE

CHICAGO with Katharine Warren • Clay C. Gilbert • Patricia Kirkland
HARRIS THEATRE

SAN FRANCISCO with Katherine Alexander • Jack Davis • June Dayton
CURRAN THEATRE

Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott

"A Triumph" —BARNES, *Herald Trib.*
JAN KIEPURA — MARTA EGGERTH
 in the NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of

THE Merry Widow

with **MELVILLE COOPER**
 DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
 Choreography George Balanchine
 Conductor Isaac Van Grove

MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL and JOHN C. WILSON present

LOVERS AND FRIENDS

by DODIE SMITH with

KATHARINE CORNELL RAYMOND MASSEY
 HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
 Staged by GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC

PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

The U.S. Army Air Forces PRESENT

Winged Victory

by MOSS HART
 Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
 44th ST. THEA. Every Eve. Except Mon. — Mats. Wed. & Sat. — No Mail Orders Accepted

Richard Rodgers presents

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

by FIELDS, RODGERS & HART
 Vivienne Segal • Dick Foran
 MARTIN BECK THEA. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:40

"Roland Young tears the house down." —*Roscoe, World-Telegram*
ROLAND YOUNG **MARGARET LINDSAY**

ANOTHER LOVE STORY

A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE
 FULTON Theatre, 46th St. W. of B'way
 Evs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY" *Roscoe, World Tel.*

TOMORROW THE WORLD

BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK **SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO**
 Ralph Bellamy • Shirley Booth Elissa Landi • Paul McGrath

MICHAEL TODD presents

ETHEL MERMAN in

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

Staged by HASSARD SHORT
 Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
COLE PORTER SONGS
 ALVIN, West 52nd St. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday

got sore. I told Steve he done it. He said, 'Sammy, you know I wouldn't beat you.' And I says, 'You son of a bitch, you'd beat your own mother.' And you know what he done? He put his head down and cried. Just like a baby, real tears. I couldn't help laughing. Then he went and got the papers out of the bag and give 'em back, and I wasn't mad no more."

The Dead Enders were stirring restlessly about, sniffing a change in the air. Finally, some of them decided to jump the ship. I think it was more a reflex than anything else; when you hit port, you jump ship, that's all. I do not hold with the theory, advanced by some of the passengers, that the Dead Enders just didn't want to get back to America. Sammy told me about the plan first, in confidence. They would take off—at least, he would—as soon as we got to Goa and make their (or his) way to Bombay, there to join up in some army or something. Sammy really did tell me in confidence. When Bob told me, he was confidential but he was also shouting drunk, and he chose as a confessional the main deck just after lunch. Tommy, when his turn came, was even louder, if possible, and much more genial.

WE had an exciting arrival, with lots of Portuguese officials and troops waving from the dock and any number of gay little boats rushing around to greet us. Though no visitors were allowed on board at first and we weren't allowed on shore, the mists of almost two years blew away. There were telegrams, too, and a few familiar faces on the pier. It was tremendous—everybody on deck, the lights of our ship all turned on, the tiny railroad that ran alongside the dock, the Goanese carrying cargo here and there on the docks, and over the door of a shed a sign that said "American Control Office." All of us on deck were sauntering along and smiling and chattering when Sammy and Tommy and Bob jumped ship. In full view of the world, they strolled up to the nearest ratline, swung over the railing, and went down hand over hand to the dock. One member of the crew yelled at them and then became silent, like the rest of us. Fifteen hundred repatriates and almost as many Japanese, Portuguese policemen, and Goanese looked on with interest as the pair ran stealthily across the railway tracks to some freight cars. It took the Portuguese authorities about an hour to find them, cuddled down in an infinitesimal railroad car by then a half mile

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

PAUL ROBESON
 in the MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
OTHELLO
 JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
 MARGARET WEBSTER • JAMES MONKS
 Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
 SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
 Music by RICHARD RODGERS
 Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
 Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
 Dances by AGNES DE MILLE
 Betty Garde • Alfred Drake • Joseph Buloff • Joan Roberts
 ST. JAMES Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

CONCERT

TOWN HALL, WED. EVE. at 8:30, DEC. 29
DOROTHY MAYNOR
 SOPRANO
 Only New York Recital This Season
 ERNST VICTOR WOLFF at the Steinway
 Tickets \$1.10 to \$2.75 Lawrence Evans Artist Mgt.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
 Rockefeller Center
GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
"MADAME CURIE"
 A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
 GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

THE CHARM OF YESTERYEAR
 REAL NEW ENGLAND

Yuletide Dinners

Join us during the festive holiday season. Special dinners served Xmas Eve, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. (Closed Xmas). Drink again with your hosts from the traditional Wassail Bowl.

Consult us on Holiday Parties

THE **WHITE TURKEYS**
 220 MADISON AVE. at 37th Street MU-3-1581
 ONE UNIVERSITY PL. at Washington Sq. AL-4-3677

NEW YORK'S DE LUXE CHINESE RESTAURANT
 Luncheon Dinner
 a la Carte
HOUSE OF CHAN
 7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

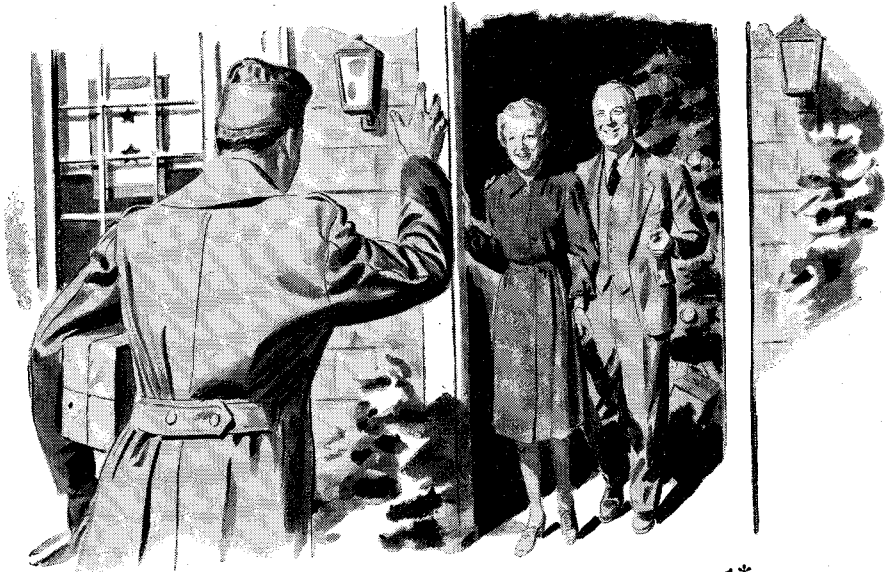
ALERT men and women are learning languages now. Berlitz makes any language easy to master. Free trial lesson.

BERLITZ
 630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) Circle 6-1416



In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

This is the 38th consecutive Christmas in the years The Evening Bulletin has been the leading newspaper of Philadelphia.
(Advertisement)



Let a Serviceman Travel*

"Merry Christmas" means Christmas at home to servicemen and women—so if you have given up a holiday trip they say "Thanks sincerely!" Join the "L.A.S.T.s*". Write for rawhide membership card.

HARTMANN

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

*To warm the heart
of a very good friend*

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR

MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE, INC., MORRISVILLE, PA.

down the tracks. They were brought back to the ship.

I think the boys went ashore five times that night, and each time the Portuguese brought them back. Sammy was ashamed of his performance the next day. "Drunken, amachoor doings," he called it. He was especially ashamed after an American consul aboard had given the boys a talking-to. "Running away from this ship at this stage of the game would be fatal to the whole show," said the consul. "Do you know, Bob, that you almost loused up the next repatriation?"

"Well, what the hell!" said Bob. "The missionaries loused up this one, didn't they?" —EMILY HAHN

(This is the first of two articles on the repatriation ships Teia Maru and Gripsholm.)

Radio corporations and their supporters insist upon the educational value of their broadcasts as well as on their entertaining value and it is quite possible that, there may be found something that is instructive, in an indefinite sort of way, in some of their programmes. Canada Calls does not now wish to criticise the broadcasting systems for any lack of instructional programmes. What we do wish to protest against is the misaducation that is distributed across the country.

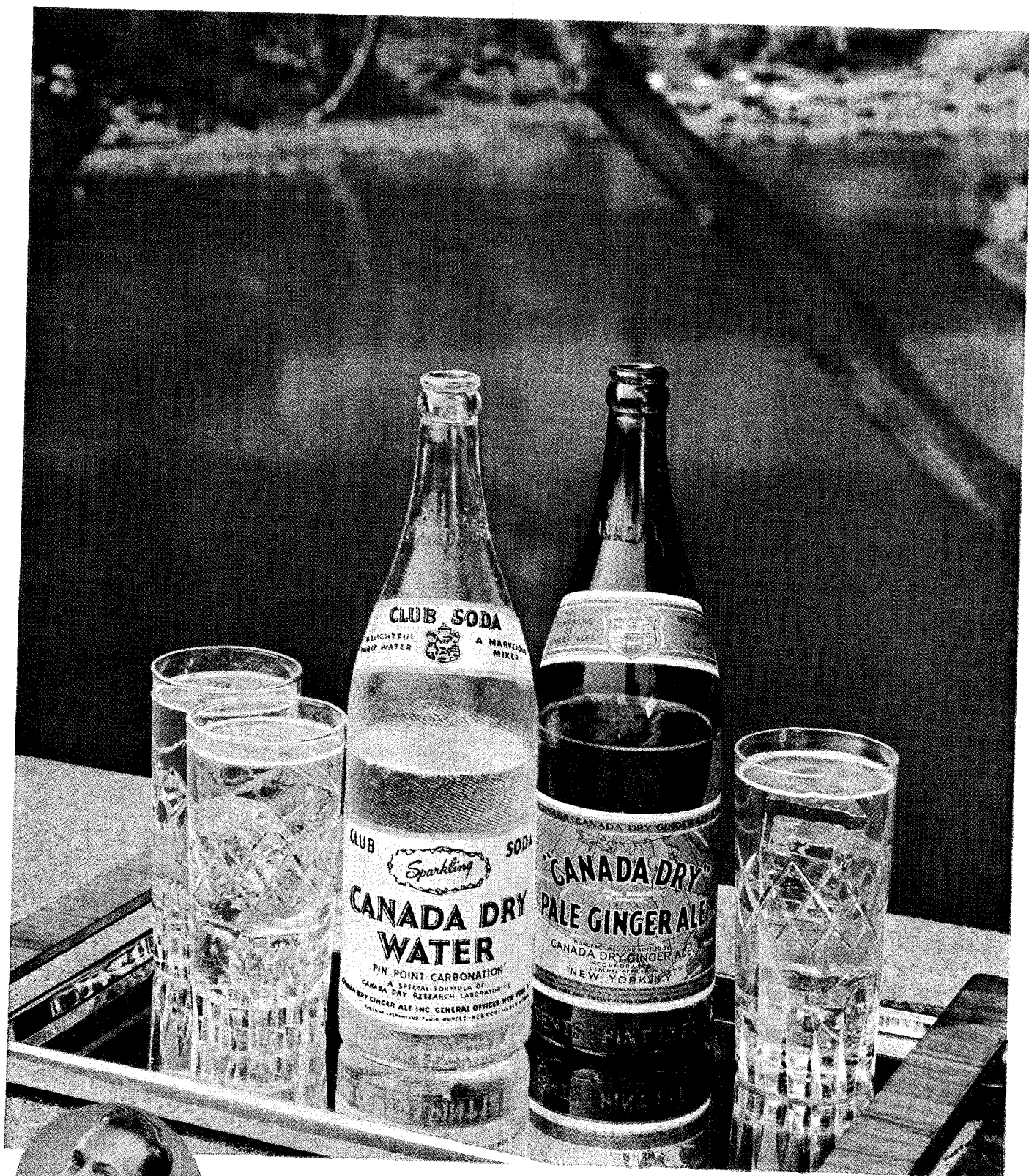
Some time ago we referred, under the title "Murder by Radio" to mispronunciations by radio announcers. One hears these same errors in every day conversation but listeners are justified, at least to some extent, piesuming that paid radio announcers would pronounce their words correctly and that the way they speak is proper. If, then, improper pronounciations are used the result will be that listeners will probably be misled into the same errors as the announcers. Although a marked copy of Canada Calls was sent to the C.B.C. at Toronto our criticisms have, apparently, had no effect. Or perhaps it is that the C.B.C. has not been able to induce its employees to speak the English language correctly. We will try again.

From the C.B.C. Canada Calls has heard the following crimes committed:—"Becuz" for "because"; albino with the "i" pronounced to rhyme with "shy"; "allied" with the accent on the first syllable; "de-tails" with the accent on the second syllable; "territory" with the accent on "tory"; "Temporarily" with the accent on the "ar" syllable; "enquiry" with the accent on the first syllable; lubricate" with the first three letters to rhyme with "sub" and "tribunals" with the first three letters to rhyme with "spy". A murderous assault was made on grammar when a C.B.C. announcer stated that "A great weight of bombs were dropped".

Will the C.B.C. please stop this slaughter?

—From Canada Calls, a publication of the Native Sons of Canada.

Piesuming, of course, that it can.



Here's a picture worth listening to!

Refreshing, isn't it? But it's too bad you can't hear this picture as well as see it. It's just as pleasing to the ear. We're talking about Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"—millions of tinier bubbles that bring singing sparkle to drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale. Bubbles that mean lasting zest and

liveliness... that refuse to be drowned even by melting ice.

So enjoy your drink as slowly as you wish. The sparkling chorus and tangy goodness of these lively mixers will keep you company to the very last sip.

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CANADA DRY WATER and GINGER ALE

Someday Yuletide Bells Will Ring Merrily Again

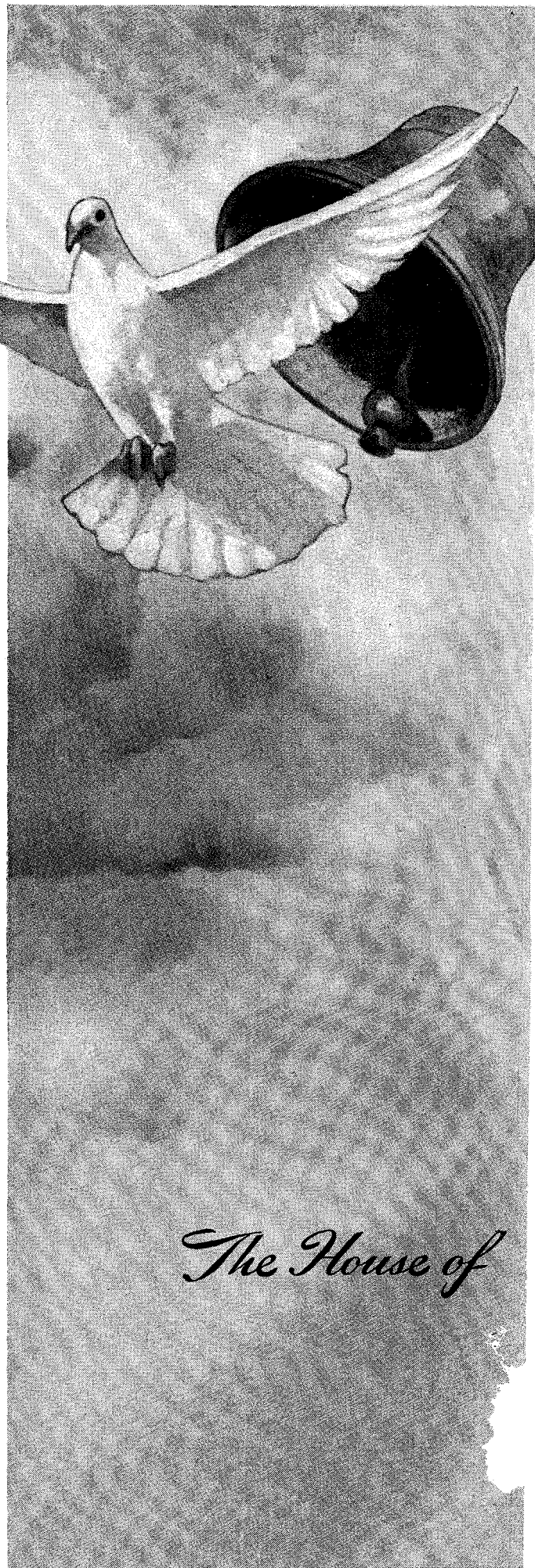
Someday soon the Yuletide bells will ring again,
And once more there'll be laughter, joy and mirth,
Someday Christmas carolers will sing again,
Those songs we love that tell of "Peace on Earth!"

Someday hearts will beat as they return again,
The husband, father, son . . . the neighbor's boy,
Someday Christmas lights will brightly burn again,
Illuminating faces filled with joy.

Someday we will fill the flowing bowl again,
And celebrate the season—and be gay,
Someday soon the Yuletide bells will toll again,
For VICTORY, at last, is on the way!

AMERICANS will observe this wartime "Holiday Season" with but a single thought and purpose . . . the determination to focus all our energies and efforts on final Victory. To speed that glorious day, the House of Seagram urges you to make your most important Christmas gifts — U. S. War Bonds. For, as we have said these many years . . .

**"ONLY THE FINEST
IS FINE ENOUGH
FOR CHRISTMAS"**



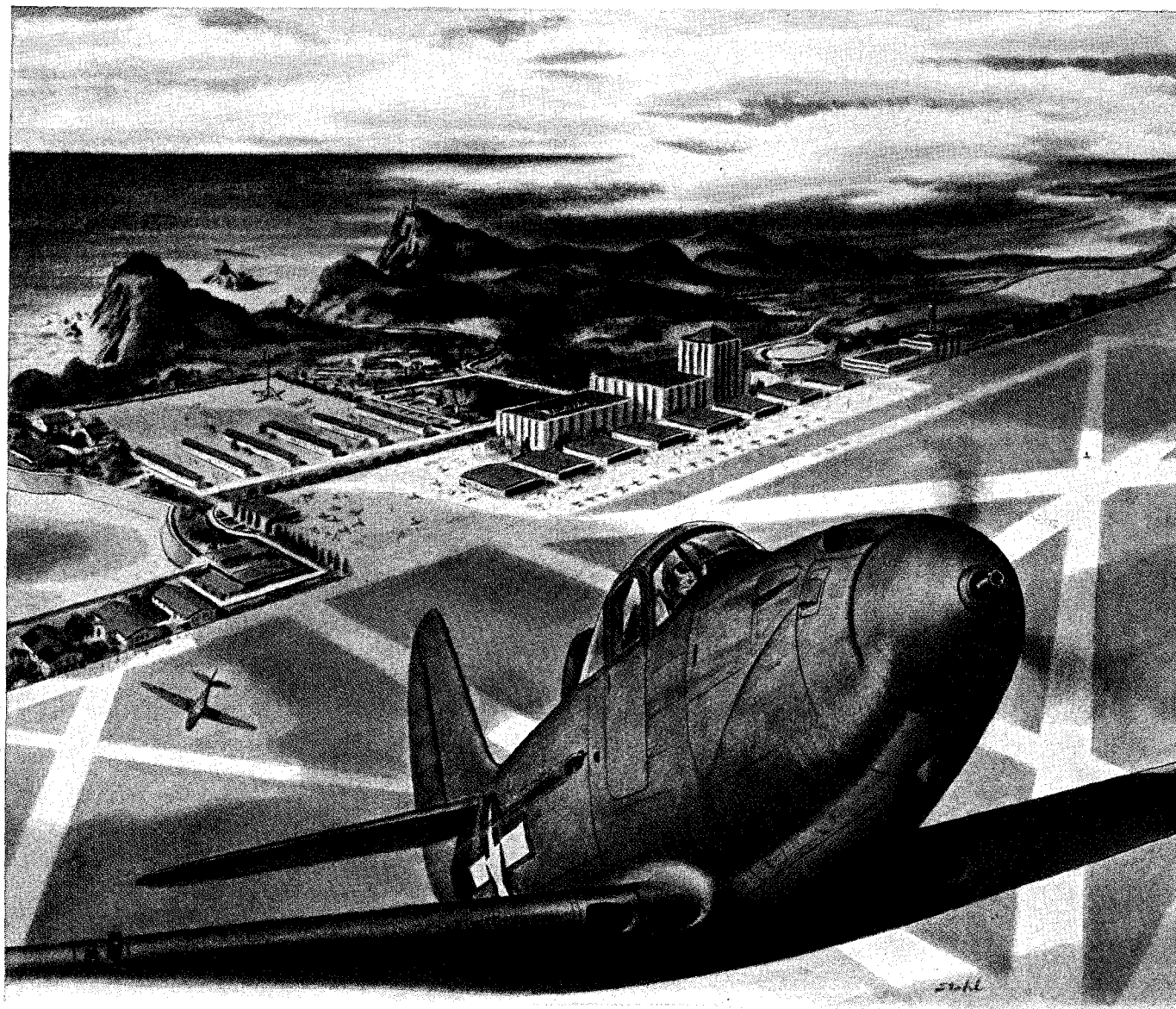
The House of



Seagram

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Seagram Distillers Corporation, New York



"SKYTOWN" U.S.A. pop.: 2,000,000

Very soon now, there'll be well over 2,000,000 men in the U. S. Army Air Forces.

Flight is their business.

War has taught them the machines, the techniques, the language of flight. They recognize no impassable barriers of land or sea.

There's many a man among these

two million who pilots the U. S. Army Bell Airacobra. In his single engine fighter, he can be 20,000 feet in the sky—seconds after he leaves the earth. Sixty minutes later he can be more than 400 miles away

... blasting out a pattern of victory with machine gun bullets and cannon shells.

It's as if he had moved to a strange new city (Skytown, U. S. A.) and adopted a new way of life.

MEMBER AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL—EAST COAST, INC.

MAKE NO EARTHBOUND PLANS FOR THESE 2,000,000! After the war, they—and you—will fly. You'll fly in superior planes of peace because this war has taught us some lessons, too. How to break with precedent in designing aircraft to do specific jobs. How to pioneer better, faster, less costly methods of mass production. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, New York.

BELL Aircraft

AIRACOBRAs for victory—future planes for peace

BUY WAR BONDS AND SPEED VICTORY

A BROOKLYN CHILDHOOD

EVERY New Yorker who has never had much to do with Brooklyn is certain that life over there is dreary and uneventful. I was brought up in Brooklyn nearly half a century ago and I felt the same way about it. Only across the river, I thought, were adventure and excitement to be found; in Brooklyn the days were long and the seasons interminable, for nothing of interest ever happened there or, I was confident, ever would. Looking back on it now from the other side of the river, I'm not so sure.

There were a dozen children in my family, which made it no more than a fair-sized one for the robust neighborhood we lived in, and we filled a three-story house on Degraw Street, which is in the section now known as South Brooklyn. All of us started school at the opening of the first term after we became four—a single term's delay would have been taken by the family as a confession of mental weakness—and we could read, write, and figure even before that. My oldest sister, Sadie, was a teacher at sixteen and, for \$600 a year, maintained rigid order among a lot of young hoodlums in an old school at York and Adams Streets, in the district under the elevated lines which crossed, and still cross, the Brooklyn Bridge. She had evaded Teachers Training School and several years of preparation by taking a special course from the nuns of St. James's Pro-Cathedral School, on Jay Street. The rest of us hoped to get jobs like hers when we grew up. Didn't she have a five-hour day, a five-day week, all the legal holidays, and two months' vacation? Wasn't she paid extravagantly for going through the routine which we had to endure for nothing?

It was, of course, a tough school. Alfie Capone, a stocky, swarthy, silent, troublesome boy, was one of the pupils, and there were others more troublesome. It was nowhere near as tough, though, as P. S. 58, which was a block from our house and which I attended, or P. S. 32, over on President Street. Both of these schools had reform classes. Kids from around the Gowanus Canal dominated 58 and 32, and I did my best to make myself worthy of their companionship. They rated me as something of a sissy, though, for while in moments of desperate valor I might defy authority and had once told a teacher to shut up, I had never had the courage to swear at one, or throw a book or a slate at one, or shake a fist in one's face, or

THE SUMMERS LASTED LONGEST (routine misconduct), a sewing-machine belt (spirited transgression), or a whip (high crime). When my father needed the belt to administer discipline, he would take it off Mother's sewing machine, double it up into a big loop, and start flailing. The whip was a five-foot length of cowhide, tapering from two inches in diameter at its handle to a pointed tip. It was painted to match the wallpaper of the room in which it hung. From time to time, the baby of the year would reach for it and chew the paint off the tip. It was always repainted. After years of chewing, it took on the shape of an Indian arrowhead, and it was almost as hard and effective as one. Don't think my parents were cruel, though. Compared to them, Job was an unprovoked hothead.

Physical violence by pupils and corporal punishment by teachers were daily occurrences in all the Brooklyn public schools. They were a fighting tribe, those teachers, and they needed to be to survive. Often my brothers and I wondered how Sadie kept control of her young charges. One teacher in her school was known to her classes as "The Horse-Killer." Another, a dark wisp of a girl who carried a withered right arm hidden in a black lace sling and so was looked upon as a mystery, had a left like a rifle. With her one good hand she could put down a rebellion. Whirling suddenly from the blackboard, she could groove the skull of a whispering boy with an eraser from a distance of thirty feet. Teachers did not walk alone in the district of Sadie's school. They walked in groups.

STRONG-ARM methods ruled family life, too. In our house, punishment was dealt out, depending on the seriousness of the offense, with a razor strop

Baths were required at least twice weekly at our house, usually on Wednesday and Saturday nights. We kids were bathed in washtubs in the kitchen; then, eyes stinging from Babbitt's soap and skins scoured by coarse brushes, we were wrapped in blankets, tucked into the dumbwaiter, hoisted aloft, and dropped into bed, where we swung into the strife that preceded sleep. The strife usually consisted of a pillow fight (we didn't throw pillows; we



"Je leglette, messieurs, nous n'avons pas de losbif à l'américaine."

For smart drinkers



RONRICO

Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (Y) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation



*When your sandwich list is run-down,
And your "mixes" all fall flat.
When the guests flick up bored eyebrows,
Look tired, and say "Oh, that!"*

It's time to make the discovery of Ole Virginny's tempting delicacy . . . AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM. Dozens of zesty sandwich ideas in this handy jar . . . the world-famed Smithfield Ham adding sparkle to tomatoes, cheese, egg, peanut butter, etc. (Save a lot of ration-points, too!)

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET A-12

Send postcard for your copy.
Smithfield Ham & Products
Co., Smithfield, Va.



AMBER BRAND
Deviled
SMITHFIELD HAM

CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

crammed them into one end of their cases and swung them like clubs), after which we would go to sleep listening to the chugging of the steam locomotives on the Fifth Avenue and Fulton Street elevateds.

We learned to smoke early in primary school—corn silk first, then horse-chestnut leaves, then cinnamon cigarettes, and finally Cycle cigarettes, at four for a cent and no questions asked. There were crap games under the gas lamp on our corner. For the very young, the stakes were cigarette-box pictures and marbles; boys of eight or nine played for pennies. Of sex we knew little until we reached high-school age, which was around twelve. Before achieving that maturity, we thought of girls only as tattling nuisances. One of us boys, having listened to older boys talk, might remark now and then that Bessie or Jessie or Tessie had a good leg, but later I'd ponder secretly over which of her legs was good. Occasionally, catching a glimpse of untrimmed lingerie, we would chant derisively at the wearer, "You'll never go to heaven when you die, because you don't wear ruffles on your drawers!" It was just something we'd heard. Once an older boy whispered that a schoolmate of mine was a "morphodye," which was a new one to me. By discreet questioning I learned that it meant half boy and half girl. I didn't believe it. My schoolmate bore no resemblance to Albert Alberta, the half-man, half-woman in the circus sideshow.

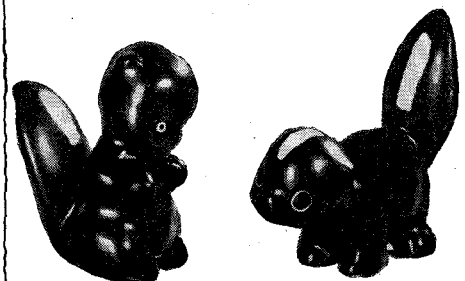
MOST of the time, my younger brothers and I were concerned with matters more immediate and more engaging than sex. In the spring it was likely to be kite-flying. A kite cost two cents and a ball of cord to tether it was five. The cord could be lengthened with fishing line filched from Father's drawer. We'd take our kites to the top floor of our house, then up the ladder, through the trap door, and onto the roof, over which cool, fresh breezes always blew. Kite-flying was not simple or especially safe. You had to run to make your kite take off, and it was hard to remember not to run right off the roof, which would have meant a drop of three stories to the flagged yard. Kite strings were likely to wind around neighboring chimneys, which resulted in the loss of a kite, a nickel's worth of cord, and most of Father's fishing line. There was also the chance that someone would close the hatch behind us and leave us marooned and uncertain whether we were on our own roof or



It's holiday time . . . a time that calls for the very finest in wines. Widmer's stocks are insufficient to fill all demands . . . but here's hoping you'll find what you want.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N. Y.



*STINKY and PHOOEY

Call them what you will—we know that you will be intrigued by these ebony black baby skunks made of fine Styson China by master craftsmen. They are 3 1/2" high. Order several pairs for your friends as well as for yourself. You will have no difficulty in selecting an ideal Christmas gift from our large stock of fine crystal.

\$1.50 the pair POSTPAID

CRYSTALIER
Gifts that Charm

485 Lexington Ave. at 46th
Opposite Grand Central Palace

New York

Overlooking NEW YORK'S Only Private Park

HOTEL
GRAMERCY
PARK

EAST 21st STREET
from \$4 single
from \$6 double



the roof of one of the other identical houses that stood close together the whole length of the block. Then, too, nervous neighbors might call the police—and often did—when they heard what they imagined were burglars tramping on their roofs and trying their hatches.

Our summer vacations always dragged. Children in our neighborhood weren't taken to the country. The cost at places my family might have gone to was prohibitive—as much as five dollars a week for each of us—even though my father, a city detective, owned three big brick houses and was considered prosperous. Swimming, the favorite summer sport in Brooklyn, was lethal for beginners. You'd go down to Long Dock, on the East River, with older boys who had promised to teach you. You'd strip and then suddenly your tutor would flick you off the stringpiece and you'd drop twenty feet into the water. If you went under twice, he would dive in and rescue you. If you couldn't learn in three lessons, you were given up.

I was given up. My scant swimming ability was acquired in the sissies' course, which I took with other boys who had flunked the hard one. We'd go out to Bay Ridge and hire a rowboat for ten cents an hour. Then, while one of us rowed, the rest would strip and slip overside, hang onto a rope at the stern, and paddle with their feet. The oarsmen on these excursions generally had a weakness for rowing into the wake of ferryboats and liners, which added a fillip to the occasion. Sometimes we'd get caught in an ebbing tide, which might have carried us to Rockaway or, indeed, to Bermuda if some passing barge captain hadn't thrown us a line. With two companions, I was rescued once by a man who rowed out from a barge and towed us back. We had to wait on his barge from dusk to midnight for the tide to turn, but we were fed well and free, and were entertained under the stars by the bargeman's two pretty daughters, who sang and played mandolins.

The big event of any summer, of course, was the Fourth of July. Revolvers were seventy-five cents, single-shot pistols a quarter. For a week after the Fourth, we picked gunpowder from one another's faces with pins or needles. Occasionally our eyes, spattered with explosive, required the attentions of a doctor or druggist, which cost at least a dollar. Gunpowder from blank cartridges was good for tattooing, if you made a thick paste of it with spit and were brave enough to stab it into your arm with a needle. My oldest brother's

LISTEN: DECEMBER 18, 1943



your gift list:

There isn't enough space in this whole magazine to tell the whole story of the variety and background of interest in the enormous service CBS offers each week, free, to the whole radio U.S. But perhaps we can help you sample its savor and brilliance by a sort of holiday basket of highspot names to listen to the week of December 19—Sunday straight through Christmas day—all (and more) on CBS:

SUNDAY:

Fred Allen
Phil Baker
Nicolai Berezowsky
Howard Barlow
Ralph Bellamy
E. Power Biggs
Milo Boulton
Lyman Bryson
Webley Edwards
Richard Evans
Jose Ferrer
Al Goodman
Mrs. Frances Hackett
Everett Holles
Reed Kennedy
Andre Kostelanetz
Maria Kurenko
Carole Landis

David O. McKay
Edward R. Murrow
Conrad Nagel
John Nesbitt
Danny O'Neil
Don Pryor
Irene Rich
David Ross
William L. Shirer
Rev. Glenn T. Settle
Robert Shaw
Albert Spalding
Gladys Swarthout
Lionel Trilling
Barbara Troxell
Carl Van Doren
Leonard Warren
Rev. Dr. R. B. Whyte

MONDAY:

Joan Blaine
Joan Brooks
Ted Collins
James Craig
Cecil B. De Mille
Alfred Drake
Doug Edwards
Bill Henry
Joseph E. Howard
Warren Hull
Parks Johnson

Muriel Kirkland
Arthur Lake
Guy Lombardo
Isabel M. Hewson
Quincy Howe
Lyn Murray
Ogden Nash
Penny Singleton
Kate Smith
Ann Sothern
Ed Sullivan

TUESDAY:

Don Ameche
Edgar Bergen
Burns & Allen
Bob Burns
Judy Canova
Eddie Dunn
Eileen Farrell
Bob Hannon
Edwin C. Hill
Jose Iturbi
Harry James

Spike Jones
Dorothy Lamour
Evelyn MacGregor
Charlie McCarthy
Ray Noble
Ed Pawley
Cecile Sherman
Jack Smith
Julie Stevens
Col. Stoopnagle
Claude R. Wickard

WEDNESDAY:

Goodman Ace
Jane Ace
Roy Chapman Andrews
Lionel Barrymore

Sir Thomas Beecham
Jack Carson
William J. Dunn
Morton Gould

Joseph C. Harsch
Joy Hathaway
Jean Hersholt
Burl Ives
Sammy Kaye
Perry Mason

Jan Peerce
George Sebastian
Alec Templeton
Jean Tennyson
Robert Weede

THURSDAY:

Jim Ameche
Marjorie Anderson
Elizabeth Bemis
Major Bowes
Wally Brown
Ned Calmer
John Daly
Les Damon
Major G. F. Eliot
Dick Haymes

Bennett Kilpack
Eloise Kummer
George Moorad
Jacques Renard
Raymond Scott
Dinah Shore
Cornelia Otis Skinner
Betty Ruth Smith
Barbara Weeks
Roland Young

FRIDAY:

Joan Alexander
Rita Ascot
Gertrude Berg
Winston Burdett
Ted Collins
Jimmy Durante
Bernard Herrmann
Frank Ernest Hill
Dorothy Lowell
Helen Menken

Garry Moore
Claudia Morgan
Virginia Payne
Adele Ronson
Roslyn Silber
Menasha Skulnik
Kate Smith
Jeri Sullivan
James Waters
Betty Winkler

CHRISTMAS:

Jackson Beck
Jack Benny
Billie Burke
Henry Busse
Bing Crosby
Cass Daley
Jessica Dragonette
Joan Edwards
Prof. J. T. Frederick
Judy Garland
Gus Haenschen
Bob Hawk
Bob Hope
Raymond E. Johnson

Vera Lane
Groucho Marx
Jim McWilliams
William Miller
Carmen Miranda
Jean Parker
Bill Perry
Dick Powell
Larry Robinson
Frank Sinatra
Mary Lee Taylor
Bob Trout
"Chuck" Worcester

★
Better watch your local newspaper for the exact time of each appearance in your neighborhood. Quite a holiday pageant, isn't it? Fully as exciting as any other week on CBS.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

There's a BIG DIFFERENCE IN DRY DOG FOODS!



Always Insist on
HUNT CLUB
DOG FOOD

THE *Complete*
VITAMIN-RICH,
FLAVORFUL FOOD
THAT CONTAINS
Plenty of Meat
IN MEAL FORM



Not a wartime substitute but a time-proved food, long the largest selling meal-type dog food in the grocery store field.

Christmas presents

James Amster
for your
Christmas
presents
ANTIQUES, ELEGANCIES
DECORATIONS
140 E 53RD ST-PLAZA 8-1866

THE
WEDGWOOD ROOM

AT SUPPER
The HARTMANS
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

ANNAMARY DICKEY

AT DINNER AND SUPPER
LEO REISMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
ALTERNATING

COVER FROM 10:30, \$2.

THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA



arm today retains his self-inflicted initials. Some kids preferred coal dust to gunpowder for tattooing. Often, in school, I tried ink and a pen point, but that was no good. Don't waste your time with it. Mineral grains are essential.

During the autumn, from Labor Day on, we prepared for Election Day. We went around to all the saloons and stores in the neighborhood to steal boxes and barrels for the fire. Toward the end, we even carried off billboards and wooden stoops in a desperate attempt to get enough fuel. We stored the loot in the cellar of some friendly merchant or took over an empty house, which we entered through the coalhole in the sidewalk. On Election Day, towers of beer kegs and paint barrels burned until around midnight, when the results usually became known and most of the nearby awnings were charred. No matter who won the election, it was considered a success if the fire was big enough.

Winter brought revenue from snow shovelling—fifteen cents for a householder's sidewalk, ten for his areaway. If a boy's back and arms held out, he might make almost a dollar in a single day in this way, provided he gave up snowballing and sleigh riding, but that took a lot of determination—more than most of us had. Often my parents would make me clear our own walk and areaway first, unremunerated, while my friends were amassing wealth. I wished then that I was an orphan.

We kids read a good deal. Five cents got us "Old Sleuth," "Young Sleuth," "Nick Carter," "Cap Collier," "Wide Awake," "Happy Days," or any one of a number of similar classics. Along with these I read fitfully in "Pickwick Papers" and Dante's "Inferno," in the edition with the terrifying Doré illustrations. At least once a week I returned to the big red-and-gold Dante volume to shudder and squirm in torment with the lost souls. As for plays, I was taken to see, and enjoyed, "The Span of Life," "The Still Alarm," and "Yon Yonson." Once I wanted to see Ada Rehan in a French play, but my father

wouldn't permit that. He said that she might be Ada Rehan to everybody else but she was still the Crehan girl, daughter of plain Mr. Crehan down the block, to him, and he was damned if he was going to let me waste money to see her now when I could have seen her for nothing on the streets of our neighborhood a few years earlier.

OUR next-door neighbors were the McCardles. They were often visited by a placid old lady named Lucy, a relative of theirs, who wore black and had bonnet strings tied in a bow at her throat. She talked a great deal about her son Jim, who, it seemed, was a good lad but too easy-going. He was falling in with bad company—actors and that sort of people. Why, just last week, we would hear, she had gone to his flat and driven out a pack of people who were dancing and drinking wine. She had herded them out of the place with her umbrella, while Jim had just stood there laughing at her. She had nearly forgotten herself and used it on him. Before she left, she had made him get a man to paint over the walls of his bathroom and so get rid of those pictures of hussies without even enough clothes on to save their decency. Off and on for years the neighbors talked of Jim, always speaking of him simply as Lucy McCardle's cousin. When neighborhood girls grew up, they usually went to work for the American Can or the American Steel & Wire Co., and it was invariably Lucy McCardle's Cousin Jim who had spoken for them. He had something to do with railroads, I understood, and for a long time I thought he was probably a trolley conductor—a high position, to my mind. I was nearly grown up before I learned that he and Diamond Jim Brady were the same man.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, a strange, secretive couple, were also neighbors of ours. They had a son, Carlyle, who was handsome and reckless and had once suffered a broken arm in a fight with my oldest brother. Mrs. Harris wore bloomers and rode a bicycle, which no other woman in Brooklyn dared do. Of course she didn't ride it on our block—we kids would have stoned her—but I used to see her pushing her heavy "safety" off to less circumspect parts of town and, later, back home again. No woman on our block would speak to her.

There came a time when my brothers and I sensed that something mysterious and exciting had happened nearby, but we could not discover what. Our parents would not let us read the





Each of these whiskies is distilled only in its own distillery. This is the historic Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, Kentucky, which, until Pearl Harbor, had been for generations, exclusively devoted to the making of OLD TAYLOR Bonded Whiskey



A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality. And then, of course, there is the fact that they can't be changed, because of

the provisions of the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which so rigidly specifies how bonded whiskies must be made.

Thus you have a *double* assurance of pre-war excellence when you call for one of these memorable bonds.

Reserves are limited, of course. If your dealer cannot always supply you, please try again.

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.



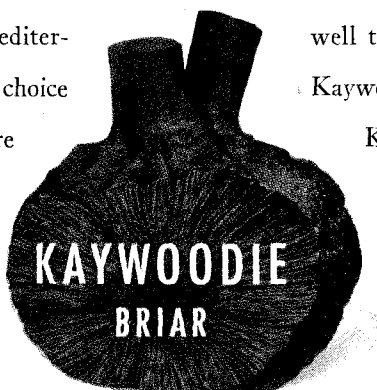
An "Apple" Shape Kaywoodie
with Inner Bowl of Meerschaum
\$12.50
[actual size]

"I smoke a Kaywoodie"

I've learned about pipes. Learned from smoking them. There's a difference—some pipes smoke better than others, and taste better. Kaywoodie is the pipe I've smoked for years. I could do without any of the others. The war hasn't stopped Kaywoodie from using the real Mediterranean briar-wood that's been the universal choice of pipe makers for 100 years. Kaywoodies are

cut from pre-war stocks, in the same old way. You won't find in any other pipe the good-tempered flavor that's characteristic of Kaywoodie. Always pleases, never troubles. Discriminating smokers know this and like it so well that all over the world you hear "I Smoke a Kaywoodie." It's internationally recognized best.

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



**BUY
WAR
BONDS**

newspapers. In a few days we began to hear older boys ask this riddle in stores and on street corners: "When they burn Carlyle Harris, where will they send his ashes?" The answer, which baffled me, was "To hell in pots," and it was considered very funny by those in the know. Years passed before I found out what it meant; I was too ashamed of my ignorance to ask my friends and I couldn't mention the matter at home, because to me "hell" was a curse and "pots" a dirty word. When at last I did learn what all the commotion had been about, I no longer cared much. It seems that, like his mother, Carlyle Harris was a sort of pioneer: he was one of the first persons electrocuted in this state. He had murdered his bride. Her name was Helen Potts.

Another riddle that was current briefly in my youth was this: "Why are two Irishmen going to call on a girl like the East River?" You gave up. "Because they are going to Bridget." The East River had been spanned some ten years before, which made the riddle even flatter. They were still charging tolls on the Brooklyn Bridge in those days; the tariff for walking across was one cent, but it was worth it because you could see the crack in the middle of the vast, suspended structure which drew together under the weight of passing cable cars and then opened again. You could stare back at Columbia Heights, too, and try to see the window from which the crippled Washington Augustus Roebling had fulfilled his greatest contract by watching over the completion of the bridge through a telescope.

SOUTH and west of our street stretched an area dominated by Scots and Swedes. Often I explored it and made friends. On First Place lived the Nobles family: Milton and Dolly, both of whom had been on the stage, and their two children, who also eventually became actors. The walls of the Nobles' living room were covered with photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Nobles in the many lovers' rôles they had played together. Mr. Nobles had written "The Phoenix," the play from which came the line "And the villain still pursued her!" I recall how proud he was of Maude Adams' Broadway debut, for he had carried her onto the stage long before, when, as a nine-month-old infant, she played her first rôle, in stock in Salt Lake City.

Now and then, listening to the Scots and Swedes talking on their stoops in the evening, I'd be puzzled by guarded remarks about what sort of weather it



Slave: A fearful thing to report, oh son of the Prophet. The harem has called a Strike!

Sultan: By my sacred beard, what is it this time?

Slave: A plague of chapped lips, great sultan. They have decreed no more kisses. Thy lips are too rough.

Sultan: A ban on kisses, indeed! Send at once to the apothecary for Roger & Gallet Original Lip Pomade. I'll end this strike ere nightfall!

To prevent chapping keep a tube of Roger & Gallet Original Lip Pomade handy and smooth on its healing invisible film at the first hint of soreness.





**if you have
trouble getting a good
dry martini...
try these**

Magnificent Dry Martinis are in this bottle, made from scarce and precious Milshire Gin and the world's finest Dry Vermouth. Ready Mixed, you've nothing to do but add ice and serve.

Ask your local liquor store for Heublein's Club Cocktails—made in six popular varieties:

Dry Martini (71 Proof) • Side Car (60 Proof)
Old Fashioned (80 Proof) • Manhattan (65 Proof)
Martini, medium sweet (60 Proof) • Daiquiri (70 Proof)



Mm-m-m Milshire

... Milshire — the Pot Still Gin — is used exclusively in these Cocktails.



Mm-m-m Marvelous

... The Vermouth in 'em is really dry.



Mm-m-m Magnificent

...No messing. No guessing. What a blessing!

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin used is 90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.



was for Johnny and speculation as to whether Johnny would go out. Again I pretended to be knowing rather than ask questions, so it was not until a long while later that I learned what those rusty-faced shipmasters and outfitters were talking about. "Johnny" was Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, a smuggler who, on a dark evening, would put out from a Red Hook slip in a lightless launch with explosives, machine guns, and rifles for Gomez and Garcia in Cuba. It was Johnny's problem to avoid the Coast Guard cutters and torpedo boats which lay in wait for him off Atlantic Highlands and to transfer his cargo at sea to blockade-runners, for which Spanish warships were lying in wait off the Cuban coast. I've often suspected that Johnny of Red Hook may have kept the Cuban revolution going until the United States officially went to war with Spain.

OF the opposite sex, the youngster in our neighborhood who made the greatest impression on my gang was neither a beauty nor a tomboy but the little Gallagher girl. She had been crippled, by infantile paralysis, according to the story we all accepted. For a year or so she was bedridden, then she was allowed outdoors in a wheel chair, a big-eyed wraith of a girl with a gentle smile and soft, curling brown hair that framed her face—like a halo, I used to think. She was not strong enough to talk much, and she read a great deal and sometimes sat for hours in the sun with eyes half closed, watching the rest of us roller-skating or playing tag and hopscotch. Physicians told her parents that she was incurably crippled and could not hope ever to walk without crutches again.

Then she read or heard of the old tradition that, on the day of the Feast of the Assumption, water is a cure—not water in a washbasin or bathtub but open water, the opener the better. I believe the tradition also holds that only the pure in spirit as well as in body can benefit. The Gallagher girl told her mother she wanted to go bathing at Coney Island on Assumption Day. Her doctors thought it unwise, the parish priest was



startled, her parents were fearful, but none of them felt that such a request could be denied. So they took her to Coney Island on the day of the feast, in August.

The Gallagher girl hobbled on her crutches to a warm, sunny bathhouse, where her mother tremblingly took off the girl's clothes and covered her emaciated figure with a heavy flannel bathing suit that covered her from her neck to her ankles. Her father carried her to the edge of the water. With eyes wide and body shaking, she tucked her crutches under her arms, set their tips in the sand, and swung her feet into the surf. For a moment she stood there, then she turned her head, smiled, dropped the crutches, stood erect, and walked into deeper water.

The Gallagher girl never used crutches or a wheel chair after that and, as far as I know, may be alive today. Naturally, we kids were all very thrilled at first by what had happened, but then we decided that the Gallagher girl had never been like the rest of us and such a thing was almost to be expected in her case. So when, the next time we had composition in school, we were ordered to write about some unusual experience we had had or heard of, I described a purely imaginary mountain-climbing expedition in the Alps. I could think of nothing interesting nearer home.

—JOSEPH MULVANEY

Some 160,000 prisoners in 100 state prisons are now using \$60 million worth of industrial equipment to work on nearly \$11 worth of war contracts awarded by the Army, Navy, Maritime Commission.

—*Modern Industry.*

There are blunders in every war.

Ickes declared: "It should be thoroughly understood that the Solid Fuels Administration is not trying to convert anthracite consumers to the use of bituminous coal. We are trying to convert anthracite consumers to the use of bituminous coal."—*Springfield (Mass.) Evening Union.*

That's different.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Boston Herald*]

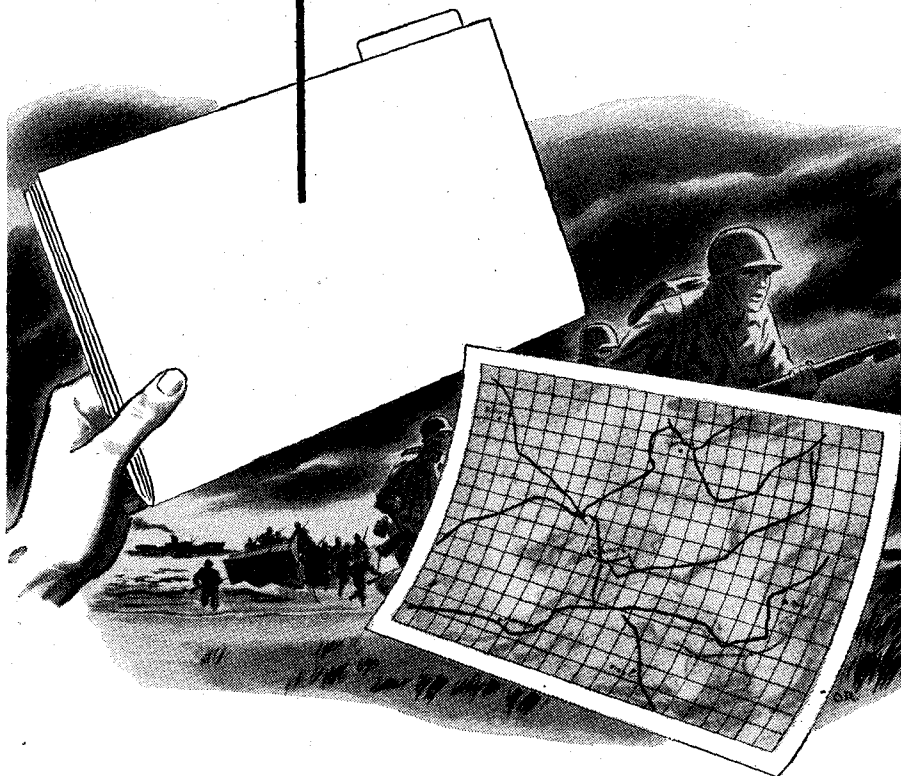
JUNCTION CITY, Kas. (AP)—One day a week Miss Marguerite See wears two shoes, the other six just one.

Soldier passengers on the Junction City-Fort Riley bus line, on which she is driver, are startled by her bare foot and they always ask: "How come?"

WITHIN THIS FILE FOLDER is a complete word picture of a strategic enemy invasion area. Available for use in planning future actions and campaigns, the information it contains may shorten the war by days, weeks, or even months. Its accuracy holds the fate of hundreds of American fighting men...

SECRET, URGENT

and EXACT!



Gathering all the large and small facts required to conduct a war on foreign soil is a herculean task. Those who do it range in their researches from the public libraries to refugees, engineers and commercial travelers with long experience in the alien lands. Typical wartime investigations call for reports and analyses that frequently run into hundreds of pages.

Critical paper work like this is expedited by the Dictaphone method of accurately recording information at the convenience of the investigator.

Today in war industries and vital Government offices, plans, instructions and memoranda that speed our victory drive are being dictated to Dictaphone dictating machines. Meanwhile, many new Dictaphone electrical recording devices developed in the Dictaphone Research Laboratories at Bridgeport, Conn. are serving our fighting men at home and on the battle fronts. In the days of reconstruction, these too will contribute to save time and effort in business offices everywhere.

Dictaphone Corporation, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



DICTAPHONE
DICTATING AND RECORDING EQUIPMENT

The word DICTAPHONE is the registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation, makers of dictating machines and other sound recording and reproducing equipment bearing said trade-mark.

DICTAPHONES AVAILABLE!
Dictaphone equipment is available to firms whose work is essential to the war effort.



TURTLE IN GOOD VOICE

NO matter how many times you add them up, there are still only three people in the cast of "The Voice of the Turtle," at the Morosco. One is Elliott Nugent, who acts not like an actor at all but rather like an amiable extrovert who's helping the author out by appearing in his play. Another is Margaret Sullavan, who is not only good-looking but has a strange and wonderful speaking voice. Incidentally, the title of the play has no reference to this property of hers. A turtle's voice is generally less audible than Miss Sullavan's, and anyhow the title is taken from "The Song of Solomon" and has to do with turtledoves, not turtles, as is explained in the play. The third party in the cast is Audrey Christie, who has a comparatively small rôle. All three parties do a nice job, Mr. Nugent in his natural way, Miss Sullavan in her highly professional way, and Miss Christie in her rowdy, raucous way. There are moments when Miss Christie is a hint too raucous, as, for example, when she

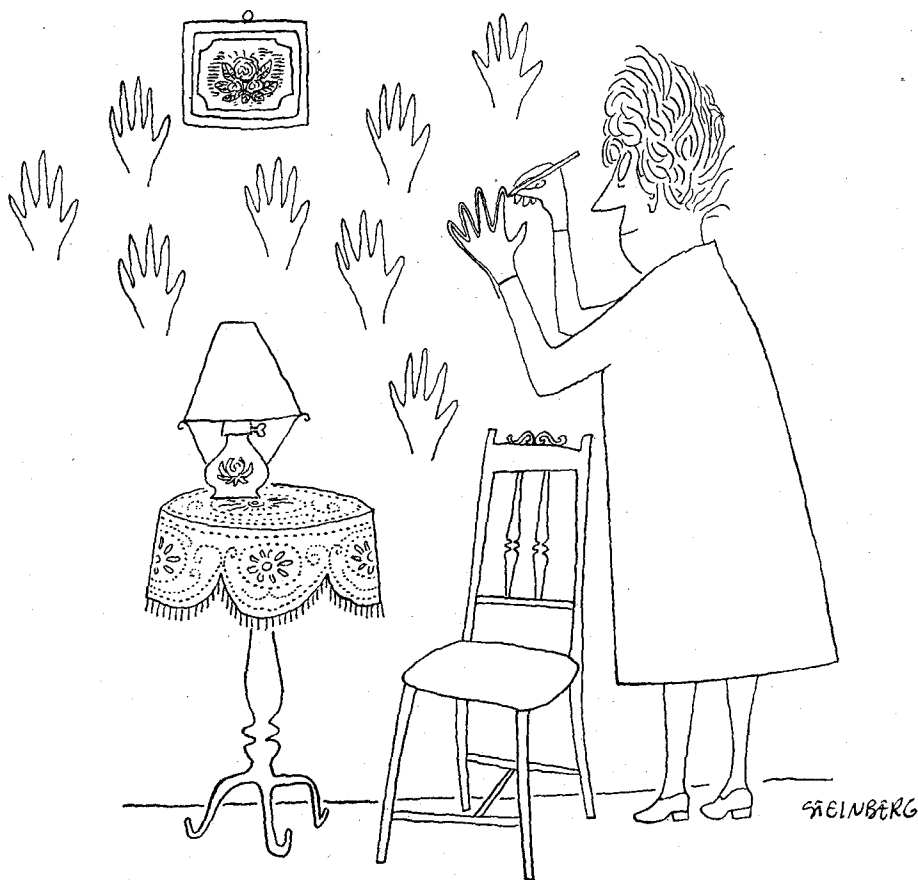
cheerfully shouts her way through an intimate conversation with Miss Sullavan in a smallish room, but most of the time she is within the bounds of reason.

The play itself, which is the work of John van Druten, is smooth, pleasant, and inconsequential, and will probably run until the turn of the century. Mr. van Druten has thought no monumental thoughts. He has managed to limit himself to mild, reliable messages, like one to the effect that women can never just let a telephone ring without answering it. He has counted, for dramatic excitement, on a rather well-tested situation—a fellow driven by circumstances into an all-night stopover in a girl's apartment. He has shunned the topical except to put the fellow in a uniform and to make some use of the hotel-room shortage. When the girl brings up the war, the fellow says, "Don't ask so many questions," and that settles that. There's a good bit of comedy in the play, though perhaps nothing that will

send you into fits. Sometimes over-cuteness sets in, and the fellow says to the girl, "I don't know what's going on in your funny little head." Sometimes there's an artful sort of dodge like having the fellow say "As they would put it in a bad play..." and then come up with a line that certainly has no business in a *good* play. However, the whole production has a neat expertness and it moves along at a fast clip that should keep your mind from wandering. I submit that it would have been a hit any year but wouldn't have prompted the critical snake dance that greeted it in this hungry season. It is safe, at any rate, to call it the play of the week.

JED HARRIS, being a manly chap, has closed "The World's Full of Girls," after a run of seven days, and he has apparently closed it without being overcome with self-admiration over the gesture and writing ads about himself in the newspapers. There's no reason to suppose that the play couldn't have ambled along, as others have, in spite of bad notices, but Mr. Harris seems to have decided that a flop is a flop, and what you do with flops is close them.

It was surprising that this one wasn't better than it was, because it was adapted from a pretty good novel and the adapting was done by Nunnally Johnson, normally a good man. The main trouble may have been that he hasn't been doing enough playwrighting lately and too many notions have accumulated in his head. They all appeared on the stage at the Royale. Many of them were sound ones having to do with Fascism in America and the like, but the way they were presented reminded you a little of a lady reading off a long shopping list to her grocer. The characters, several of whom were otherwise well drawn, were somewhat inclined to stop the performance, deliver a speech, and then subside. These characters were all members, or friends of members, of a family in Brooklyn. There were the father and mother, who wanted to move to a place in the country; the son, who had a smart business head on his shoulders, and his wife, who couldn't have a baby; a daughter, who had a baby, and her husband, a wonderful moron; another daughter, with too liberal a moral code, and her boy friend, who admired her for it and also liked Fascism; the hero, an aware young friend of the family who was on the point of joining the Marines, and so on. In the third act, which was the least impressive of the lot, two new





Imported *Sherries and Dessert Wines*

We sincerely believe that fine Spanish and Portuguese wines maintain their traditional supremacy over any other aperitif and dessert wines in the world. Each of our selections represents a fine example of the historic sherry and port varieties and has been chosen with most scrupulous regard for the particular use for which we recommend it.

S H E R R Y

CLUB DRY SHERRY*

Pale, nutty and medium dry

COCKTAIL SHERRY*

Fine Amontillado, pale and dry

DIAMOND BACK SHERRY

Splendid, full rich dinner sherry

LA GOLONDRINA*

Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry

CHOICEST OLOROSO

Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character

**We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.*

P O R T

BLACK LABEL TAWNY PORT

Delicate and flavory

GREEN LABEL TAWNY PORT

Fine, medium bodied wine—dry finish

RED LABEL PORT

Mellow and full bodied

GOLD LABEL TAWNY PORT

A great wine, soft and very full-flavored

CHOICEST TAWNY PORT

"Bellows Select," perfection in tawny port wine

BELLOWS & COMPANY

*Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits*

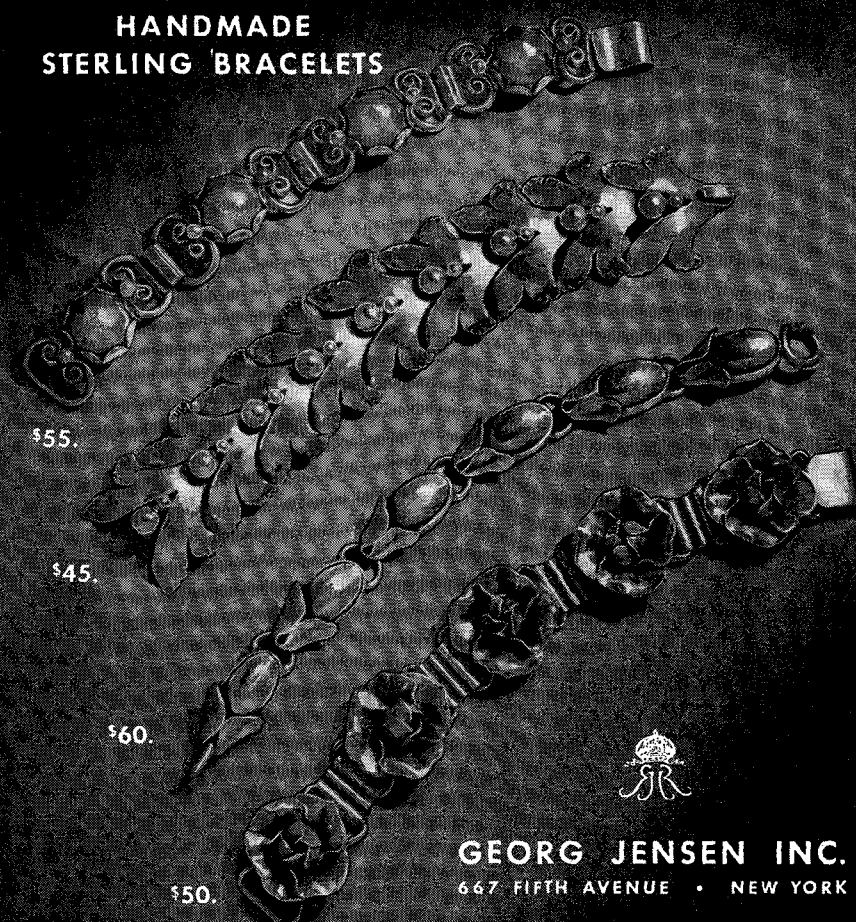
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

New York

Colorado Springs

Chicago

**HANDMADE
STERLING BRACELETS**



\$55.
\$45.
\$60.
\$50.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



"Miss Pease, did you see this mysterious letter signed 'A. Tenant,' warning me I'd better look in this week's *NEW YORKER* for a tip on how to keep our apartments filled up after the war, or else? What is he driving at?"

"It's quite simple, Mr. Simpson. He means that advertisement featuring you and me, the only people in New York who haven't heard about Minneapolis-Honeywell's new personalized apartment temperature control system. Provides any temperature desired by each tenant, automatically. It'll be available after the war is over." Apartment owners, operators and rental agents, architects, engineers and contractors, send for booklet, "Personalized Heating Control for Apartments." Address Minneapolis-Honeywell, Minneapolis, Minn., or 221 4th Ave., New York, N. Y. Advt.

characters, who weren't very necessary, came and went.

Another drawback was the casting of the hero, who was played by an unconvincing young man named Berry Kroeger. He smiled quite a lot for no apparent cause and he didn't appear to be as rugged as his conversation indicated. There were other performances that were very good, though. Thomas Hume as the smart son, Walter Burke as the simple son-in-law, and Charles Lang as the local Fascist were all fine. Virginia Gilmore, in a part I seem to have overlooked, which was that of the heroine, or hero's sweetheart, was all right too. There are those who would say, and they would have a point, that this play was really better than the turtle one because it had some relation to what was cooking in the world. The chances are, though, that people who admire significance are in for particularly lean times, because they seem to be badly outnumbered. Most of the customers seem to be sidestepping whatever realistic offerings come along and going after the frillier ones. Maybe it's just that nobody has written a good realistic play. Maybe it's as simple as that.

A FARCE called "Pillar to Post" has appeared at the Playhouse, and I honestly can't say that anybody, from Brock Pemberton, the producer, Rose Simon Kohn, the author, and Antoinette Perry, the director, on down through the cast, can have known what he or she was about. Carl Gose, the male lead, showed promise for a while on the opening night, but he wound up by getting confused and flinging a prop through a wall—that is, a place where the audience was supposed to imagine there was a wall. The play is about life among the married officers in an Army camp, and the merriment is meant to stem from the predicament of a lieutenant who has to pretend to his colonel that he's married to this girl, see. Well, it just doesn't stem. —D. E. L.

B101KX

—17—

(AP SPECIAL ADVANCE FOR AMS OF SUNDAY, NOV. 28)

ODDITIES FROM THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE (500)

BY TED GILL

(ADVANCE)—HOLLYWOOD, NOV. 27—(AP)—DOROTHY LAMOUR CERTAINLY CAN SYMPATHVAGCPZY

BUST IT BUST IT

—A.P. wire received in New York.

It's busted. What's next?

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Popular Science

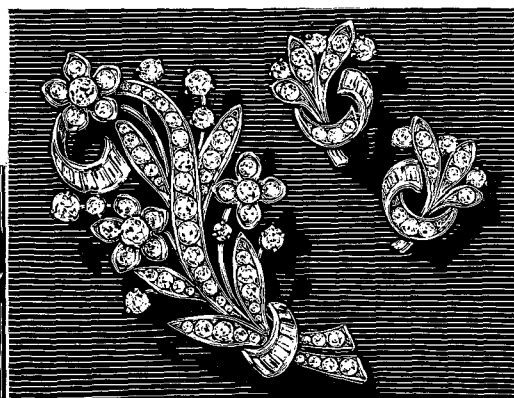
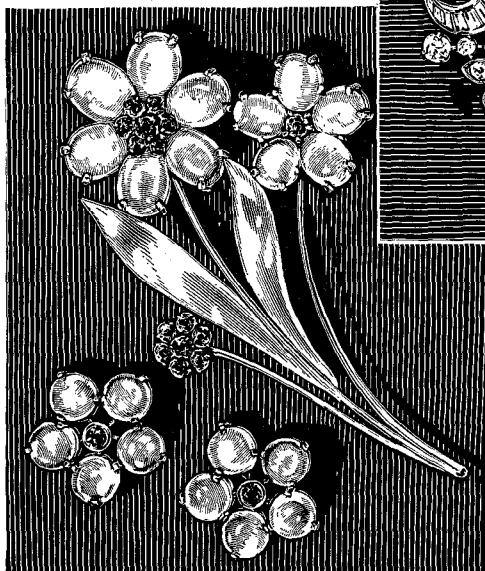


LIKE many screen biographies, "Madame Curie" is likely to remind you a little of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" or "The Wonderbook of Knowledge" or "The Boy's Encyclopedia." It is the

product of simplification, condensation, and popularization to such an extent that experts on the work of Madame Curie or ordinary admirers of her daughter's book about her may be saddened by a certain bedtime-story aspect to be found in the movie version. However, the picture is also the product of dramatization, a valid process, and many of its strays from the written word can be defended on the ground that the story, on the screen, would be a dud without them. The Curies' final isolation of radium comes off with a rather undocumented bang in the picture, and Pierre Curie's death is surrounded by some purely fabricated circumstances, but these are pardonable deviations. Both events were genuinely dramatic as they actually occurred, and if they are emphasized by a touch of hocus-pocus here and there, who minds?

The Curies are played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, who do remarkably well for a glamour team. According to her daughter Eve's estimate of her, Marie was not far from being a glamour lady anyhow, and Miss Garson, who handles the rôle with restraint, is convincing enough. I think, though, that Mr. Pidgeon's performance is the niftier of the two. He's consistent all the way through and succeeds in making you believe, before he's finished, that he's a brand-new character, with a certain amount of depth, and not just Mr. Miniver with a beard. The character that he establishes may not be precisely the Pierre Curie you had in mind; there's a more elaborate and, in fact, more comic timidity about him than Eve attributed to her father. On the other hand, Mr. Pidgeon has been able to show what there was about the fellow that enabled him, though outshone by his wife at his own game, to remain of some consequence, and perhaps even head man, around home.

Without meaning to cast any reflec-



DIAMOND BROOCH	\$2100.
DIAMOND EARRINGS	725.
GOLD, MOONSTONE AND SAPPHIRE BROOCH	135.
GOLD, MOONSTONE AND SAPPHIRE EARRINGS	67.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

TIFFANY & Co.

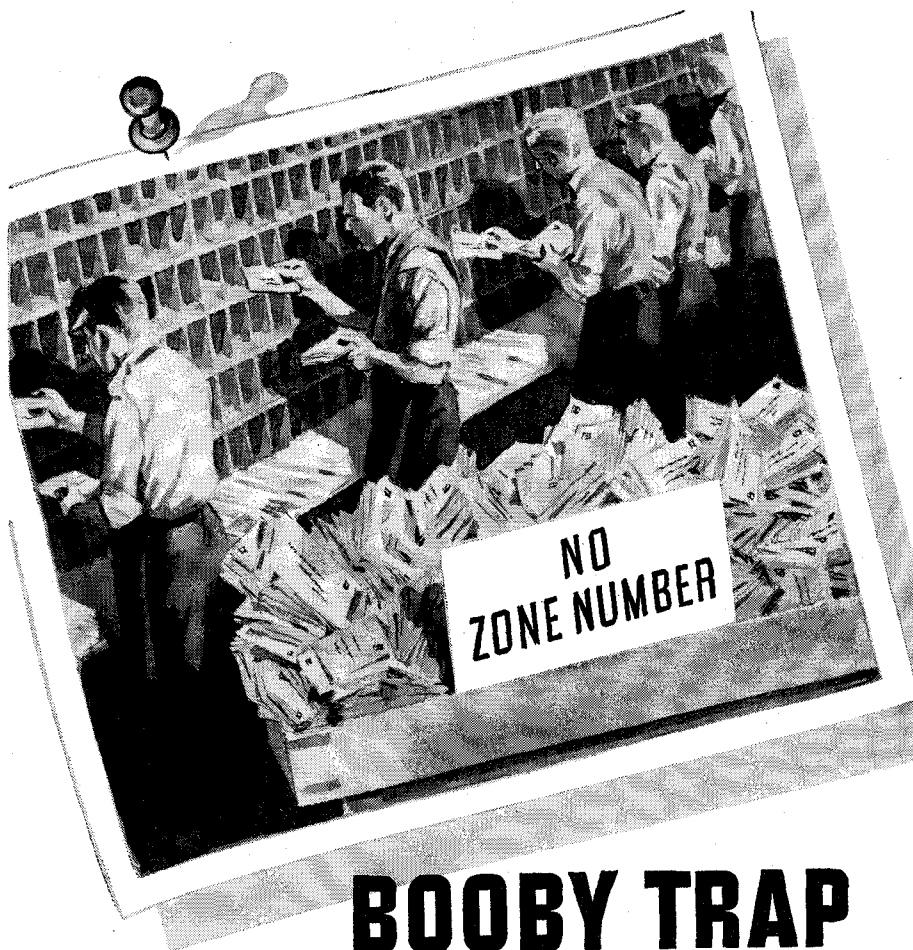
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

DOVER CASTLE — symbol of Britain's defiance—stands sentinel over the famous straits. It has survived many wars and will survive this one along with much else that is essentially English—for instance your

PEEK FREAN

BISCUITS

Including the famous
TWIGLETS (Regd.) • COCKTAIL VARIETIES and
ALL-WHEAT CRISPREAD



BOOBY TRAP in every post office... Beware

In about 120 cities, there's a big container that holds delayed letters—delayed because they lack the new Postal Unit Delivery numbers . . . Many of the experienced letter sorters, who knew the proper postal district for every address in a city, have been claimed by the armed forces. To help the new sorters, and save a delay of a day or more, the Postal Unit Delivery numbers are absolutely necessary in every one of the cities where they are now being used.

Check all the mail going out of your office . . . make sure the Unit Delivery numbers are part of the addresses where required . . . You spare the letter sorters! You save days' delay on your own mail! And you will save delay in all business and industry—when you help the hard-pressed postal system help you!

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1664 PACIFIC STREET, STAMFORD, CONN.



Originators of Metered Mail . . . largest manufacturer of Postage Meters in the world . . . Now devoted exclusively to war production.



tions on this picture, I would like to suggest that someday one be made about a scientist who was not scoffed at by the authorities and who did not have to surmount insurmountable obstacles to reach his goal. I want to see a biographical film about a scientist who lolled in luxury, knocked off an invention or two when he felt like it, and pulled a couple of dozen horrible boners without persuading the wise men of the day that he was anything but a genius. There must have been a baby like that somewhere.

THE old musical comedy or operetta or whatever it was, "The Desert Song," has been put on the screen in Technicolor, with Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning, Bruce Cabot, Lynne Overman, and others. The plot, in this version at any rate, has to do with an American piano player who joins the Arabs against the French and leads a double life, entertaining in Moroccan hot spots part of the time, racing around the desert the rest of the time, and getting very little sleep. A beautiful French singer grows to love him, and they sing to each other. That's about all there is except pretty views of a great deal of sand. Mr. Overman, as an American correspondent among the Riffs, doesn't behave at all like Vincent Sheean.

—DAVID LARDNER

FORECLOSURE

The field is fallow. There is no field.
The fence has fallen in briars and brush.

Fennel and fern are the only yield.
Nothing is left but the lilac bush.

There is no furrow, no path, or trace
(But the bed of a deer and a broken bough)

Of road, or door, or of dwelling place.
There is no door by the lilacs now.

All that is left is the lilac tree.

The worm, the wasp, and the flittermouse,

They have taken my own from me.

The house is empty. There is no house.

—MARTHA KELLER

The other day Sarah went to Victory House in Pershing Square to make a speech for War Bonds and not only inspired one serviceman to buy \$1000 worth, another one \$500, and another one \$100, but she sold herself and purchased a \$50 bond!—*Los Angeles Times*.

In the excitement.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THOUGH older folk may find more pleasure in gathering at home with their best friends at Christmas time, there is no reason young girls shouldn't come soaring out of the confinement of school or college or a new job, in traditional *jeune-fille* fashion, to join up with the boys and young servicemen who have been simultaneously, and just as temporarily, released from discipline. You are young only once, as someone or other used to say, but I feel that the author of the line should have added that once should be the irreducible minimum.

The sermon to follow, therefore, will deal entirely with gay young clothes for gay young ladies. The vivid wool dresses at Bendel's Young-Timers Shop, for instance, would seem enough to turn the grimmest honor student into a frivolous child whose only ambition is to carry off top honors in a scavenger hunt. Though there is talk about the scarcity of wool, these are all wool at prices as low as \$22.95 for a dress with a self bow at the throat, a beltless waistline, and fullness down the front of the skirt. Incidentally, all the designers for juniors and misses are trying to achieve, with slender waistlines and the release of some fullness below, the effect of the dirndl, which young people love and the middle-aged OPA prohibits. Bendel, in particular, has lots of clothes that have long, beltless torsos, so that the fullness below appears greater than it actually is. Other dresses may be of thin wool jersey—in ice-blue or green, say, cut like a shirtwaist dress but made dressy with tiny, jewelled buttons and scalloped detail down the front and on the deep yoke. Big, square, silver-metal buttons do the same trick for a short-sleeved affair in red jersey. Then there are rayon-crêpe prints with yellow pussy-cat heads or lily-of-the-valley designs or fat red-and-white bouquets scattered on black or navy grounds, all of which make charming dresses for women of any age. (All the clothes here, by the way, are under \$50, and most of them are way under.)

IN Bergdorf Goodman's ready-to-wear department, they like their short dinner dresses to be black—not that you can't have colors, too—with the major excitement provided by dar-

ing décolletages. You can easily manage to look covered-up in them, though, for they have long scarves of self material or chiffon, attached to a flower at the base of one shoulder strap and designed to be worn around the shoulders or draped over the head. One of the best (for any age) is of rayon crêpe, with shirring down the sides and a cascade of drapery down the front of the skirt. There are many dresses with a wide, oval neckline coming out to the tips of the shoulders. Some have

a sequin collar below this; in others the neckline is quite low, with sheer marquisette building it up to a technically modest height. One lovely black rayon-velvet dress is a thoroughly off-the-shoulder number with a black-net yoke.

When the design is demure, as sometimes happens, the fabrics are luxurious—thin, shimmering lamé, say, in mauve and platinum and cerise and gold—or else there are touches of grandeur, such as having the square décolletage of a



"Now, step down, darling—one at a time . . ."



COLOR-PERFECT NAIL POLISH

✓ checked to blend with
fashion's smartest shades
✓ checked for staying power
America's Finest Manicure Implements
America's Finest Hand Beauty Aids



SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION • 630 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

simple black rayon-crêpe dress widely banded with real white ermine. (Prices average around \$50, but the ermine number is tagged at \$70.) There are also exceptional tailored affairs. One with a black rayon-velvet skirt has a fitted jacket of pale-blue rayon jacquard satin, fastened with three jet buttons; another is a black velveteen suit, with the scalloped edges of the jacket and the rounded revers edged with black braid embroidery. There are many long evening dresses here, too, of the type known as "slinky." One, of black rayon crêpe, has a flaring, ruffled edge of turquoise or magenta belting ribbon edging its long-sleeved bolero jacket. Last-but-not-least item: one of the liveliest evening dresses of the season—sheer pink above the waist to a round neck, with sheer black lace applied to indicate a daring, scalloped, deep V décolletage front and back. It has a black satin belt and a slashed black rayon-crêpe skirt—all for \$35.

CHEZ ROSETTE, at 10 East 56th Street, is one of the few places where young girls—up to size sixteen, anyway—can still find a selection of the bouffant types of long party dress that used to be classified as "débutante." The underskirts are rayon crêpe or taffeta, and the circular sheer stuff that swirls over them is net, starched organdie, chiffon, or whatever. There are a few shoulder-strap dresses, the sort on which youth dotes, some with bodices made of sequins. There are also surplice-top numbers in rayon satin and off-shoulder affairs, one of them a black or white starched organdie dress with red grosgrain bowknots on the skirt and ruching around the neck.

For juniors, there is an enchanting rayon-chiffon dress with a swirling skirt and silver embroidery on a round-necked, short-sleeved top. Another is of rayon satin, the skirt gypsylike because of its three shirred tiers starting below the waistline. This comes in wonderful pastel colors—oyster, lime, reseda green, and things like that. And there is a white lace dress, long-sleeved, with a heart-shaped neck and a full skirt. The shop has some of those long, slinky dinner dresses, too, and a suit in bright red or green rayon crêpe that fastens with vast frogs from which tassels dangle.

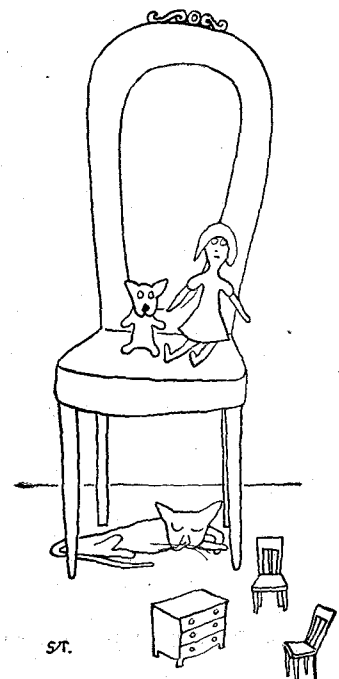
Inexpensive dresses usually give themselves away because of a flower ornament in an obvious color, a belt that is too jewelled, or ornate buttons. You won't find any such signboards here.

When Rosette makes up a silly little

hat to go with your costume, you may get American Beauty or pink roses, pale-blue feathered flowers, or other such frailties perched on a black velvet calot, and the colors will be as subtle as the French ones of the past. It will be lovely and it will cost you somewhere between \$8.50 and \$15.

SAXS-FIFTH AVENUE's Débutante Department is out with fur coats costing under four hundred dollars, sturdy as they are attractive, and made of many animals you probably never even heard of. There's wallaby, for example (wallabies are little kangaroos, as you would know if you were an Australian), dyed to resemble beaver and making a long coat with a tuxedo front. There is Australian opossum, sometimes sheared and dyed to look like nutria, sometimes fluffy and gray and worked like mink. And mouton (you know, good old sheep) makes an absolute honey for \$150; it's sheared and dyed to look like beaver or nutria. If you like South American lamb, this curly white fur appears in a charmer, a straight, finger-tip jacket edged with bright red wool—fine to wear over slacks, over dresses, over anything. It's \$150, too. There is even a really silvery silver-fox jacket at \$398, which is rather more reasonable than you'd expect these days.

AT Sally Victor, the newest youthful foolishness is ear muffs, made nice and flat over the ears to give the baby-cap look that the current sub-deb likes, strung together with velvet ribbon, which goes over the top of your head. Some of them are in mink, leopard, ermine, or ostrich, dyed any color



you have in mind. Others are just fat, puffy loops of yarn, which are fun, too.

Since early last summer, Victor has been giving considerable thought to the problem of girls going off to visit their beaux in camp. Her idea is a hat that can assume many guises with the aid of trifles that can be packed into an overnight case and take up practically no room at all. The current version of her Furlough hat is a tiny one of felt, flat across the top of the head, with a slot into which a variety of decorations can be inserted. In your overnight case you're supposed to have flowers and veils and gay quills for the hat—all kinds of notions that can see a girl serenely through every occasion, from a day in the country to a wartime wedding. As is, it is perfect if you're travelling in a tailored suit, and charming as well. Girls who have tried the idea say that it really works; you not only look as if you had quantities of hats with you but you feel that way, too. Which is much more important. Everything here is custom, remember, and the address is 18 East 53rd Street.

THERE'S been activity in the perfumers' drafting rooms, too. Sally Victor has a new perfume that is, well, feminine and lovely and is called Private Stock. It comes in black plastic bottles, tied with magenta ribbon, and costs \$15 at her shop. Another brand-new concoction, fresh and sweet-tempered as a buttercup, is Milkmaid's toilet water Petticoat, encased in the milk glass, decked with tiny sprigs of flowers, that is the Milkmaid trademark. It's \$3.75. There is a sachet in the same scent, for \$2. Bonwit Teller has both. —L. L.

LAWTON, Okla. —(AP)—Ninety-five per cent of the marriages at Fort Sill replacement center unite the soldier with the girl from back home.

One chaplain who has married 18 couples said in only two cases were the principals strangers before the war. Another performed 11 ceremonies and all the brides and grooms were home town sweethearts.

The human skull contains 22 bones.

—New Haven Register.

Home is where the heart is.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST

[From the "30 Years Ago" column in the Southeast Missourian]

Passenger coach and baggage car on Iron Mountain south of Jackson turn turtle. Several passengers injured by flying cuspidors; several coops of chickens landed on a hot stove.

Cartier



Unusually Handsome Jewelled Gift — from Cartier

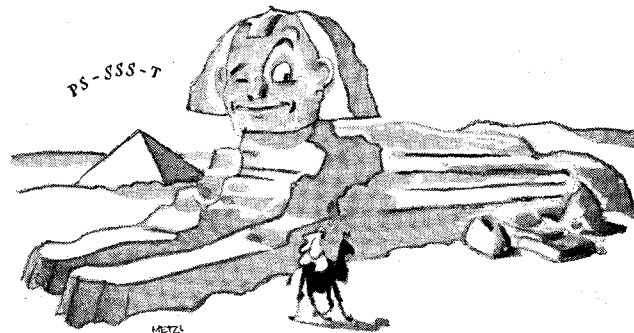
A cover of diamonds conceals the watch in this superb ruby and diamond bracelet. . . The large selection of watches with diamonds starts at \$240.

Cartier gifts — for men too — from \$1.00

Special gifts for those in the service — Christmas cards from 15¢

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Compared to somebody we know



the SPHINX is an old blabbermouth

All right, so we're exaggerating a trifle. But for over a hundred years the Angostura formula has been, and still is, one of the world's most closely guarded secrets. Formula passed from father to son, we hear, probably with no end of ritual. Their wives can nag and nag but nary a word is uttered.

Write For Free Mixing Guide

BUY
WAR
STAMPS

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

BUY
WAR
BONDS

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION • 304 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE PERFECT JEWEL

MRS. LEWIS was quite aware that most of her acquaintances envied her Elsa. She felt apologetic and a little dazed by her own good fortune; to have Elsa in wartime, when the people she knew considered themselves lucky to get a laundress or cleaning woman one day a week, was simply incredible.

Incredible. That was the word she repeated to herself when she woke up in the morning to smell coffee cooking. She never heard Elsa go downstairs, but at breakfast time the table was always set, the grapefruit properly chilled and loosened, and water bubbling in the kitchen for the three-minute eggs. Elsa had never once brought an egg to the table too hard or too soft.

She was immaculate in her white uniforms, she was cheerful and good-humored, she took and delivered telephone messages carefully, she liked having guests, she was wonderful with the children. "She manages the baby much better than I do," Mrs. Lewis told her friends. The baby had always been a little hard to manage.

There *had* to be some flaw in Elsa, but the Lewises couldn't find it. Even Mrs. Lewis's haphazard housekeeping improved under the benign influence. Every Tuesday, when Elsa finished ironing, she showed Mrs. Lewis the clothes that needed mending, and Mrs. Lewis determined to devote her Wednesday mornings to the task.

For a long time her method had been to leave the mending in her basket until it became so dusty and dilapidated that she felt justified in giving the garments to the Salvation Army, so she thought herself very virtuous the first Wednesday morning that she settled to work. Sew on a button here, fasten a ripped hem there, catch a snag before it was visible to the naked eye. This should make the children's clothes last at least twice as long as they used to. Why, the money saved on children's clothes alone would pay a substantial part of Elsa's wages. Mrs. Lewis finished the mending in very little more than an hour and was so pleased that she decided to give Elsa a raise.

Elsa came in as she was finishing and picked up the mended clothes from the bed to hang them in their closets.

"You didn't do the shoulder seam in this yellow dress," she said.

"Oh, I didn't see it," said Mrs. Lewis. She took the yellow dress and looked through her basket for the yellow thread. The shoulder seam was

only loose, not actually ripped. It really could have waited until next Wednesday, she thought. She found the yellow thread and belatedly said, "Thank you." She decided to wait and discuss the raise with Mr. Lewis before she said anything about it.

The next Wednesday she had overlooked a button from the baby's overalls and almost a yard of braid that was loose on one of Jane's school dresses. After that she made a game of it, going over every garment with a gimlet eye before she laid it aside. It was a game she never won, but Elsa never said anything to reproach her. If a dress badly in need of attention hung in a closet too long, sometimes Elsa mended it herself.

ELSA was the only maid Mrs. Lewis had ever had who would make out grocery lists. She had tried to teach the others that it was a sensible plan to jot down "salt, potatoes, cold cereal" on the kitchen scratch pad as the supply of these staples grew low, but none of them had ever remembered. Elsa made out her list every day, complete with brand names. Almost always they were more expensive brands than Mrs. Lewis had bought before she had Elsa. If Mrs. Lewis pointed this out, Elsa would remark, "The best is the cheapest in the long run, I always say." It was a point Mrs. Lewis found difficult to argue.

Neither of them ever forgot the day Mrs. Lewis came home with a pound of margarine.

"I can't eat that stuff," Elsa said. "It turns my stummick."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Lewis said, but she knew she didn't sound sorry. "There isn't any butter. I tried Gristede's and

the A. & P. and Cianciola's. There isn't any."

"It's not that I'm fussy," Elsa said. "It's not that I don't want to eat it. I just can't."

"Well, please don't let the children hear you say so," said Mrs. Lewis. "We won't say anything about it and we'll hope they won't notice the difference."

"Not George!" Elsa said with horror. "You're not going to feed that stuff to the baby!"

"There isn't any butter," Mrs. Lewis said.

That was on a Wednesday. Thursday was Elsa's day off, and that morning, before she went out, she asked for her ration book.

"If it's butter," Mrs. Lewis said incautiously, "you're just wasting your time. I tried all over. There simply isn't any."

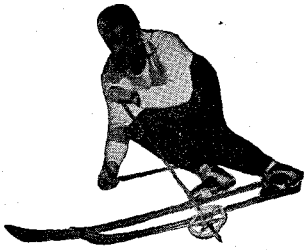
Even as she said it she realized her folly, and she was not surprised on Friday morning to find a pound of butter in the refrigerator. None of the children liked the margarine and Mrs. Lewis had to eat the whole pound herself, because she hated to waste it. She used some of it in a batch of brownies, although Elsa warned her that they wouldn't be fit to eat, and they weren't.

Anything Mrs. Lewis tried to cook during Elsa's regime was liable to some such accident, and when her mother-in-law came to visit and made her famous angel-food cake, it fell, for the first time in forty years. Elsa hadn't committed a single overt act; Mrs. Lewis knew, for after the cake had gone in the oven she had stood guard in the kitchen herself. It could only be black magic. When Mrs. Lewis's college club came for a buffet supper, the perfectly marvellous cateress who always did it so beautifully in previous years upset half her pumpkin tarts and broke a plate Mrs. Lewis had borrowed from her next-door neighbor. Elsa scurried about, tidy, competent, and ingratiating, cleaning up the mess and suggesting a different method for everything the cateress undertook to do.

IT was really the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis thought, who made Elsa prefer them to the families in the want ads with no washing, no cooking, no small children. Her devotion to him was surpassed only by her skill at handling him. During the first few weeks of Elsa's incumbency, Mrs. Lewis sometimes had told her, when she was going out, what was best to do if he wouldn't





BE SKI-WISE...**GIVE NORTHLANDS!**

Make this a Christmas to remember—give Northland skis. You'll find them at the best sports shops everywhere, for they're the finest. Northlands are the overwhelming preference of experts—the skis with the proudest record in the ski world!

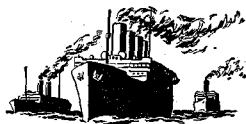
SEND 10c FOR THE NORTHLAND SKI MANUAL

48 pages . . . 82 how-to-do-it illustrations . . . edited by Hannes Schneider . . . crammed with ski knowledge. Or write for FREE folder, "How to Ski." This offer not valid in Canada.

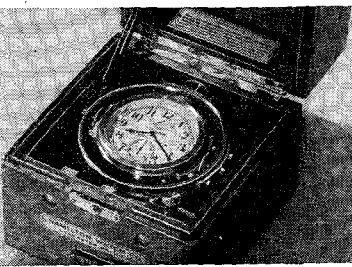
NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.

"The World's Largest Ski Manufacturers"

6 MERRIAM PARK • ST. PAUL 4, MINNESOTA

CONVOYS!

THEY GET THERE BY
Hamilton
TIME



Zig-Zagging convoys find their port accurately—thanks in part to the Hamilton Chronometer and the Chronometer Watch (illustrated above). Their high precision will be reflected in your postwar Hamilton.

HAMILTON The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

take his nap or poured his milk on the floor.

"I'm sure he won't," Elsa had said the first time. The second time she had said, "He never does for me," and after that she said, "He's always good when you're not here, Mrs. Lewis."

Mrs. Lewis was glad, of course; she wouldn't have wanted to leave him with someone who couldn't manage him. Moreover, she hoped that, whatever else she might be, she wasn't a jealous or possessive mother. Everyone knew how bad that could be for a child. But she wondered if it wasn't bad for him, too, to hear so often that he was naughty only for her.

The night the Hepburns and the McCormicks came for dinner everything went like clockwork, as it always did when Elsa was serving a party. Mrs. Lewis didn't have to leave her chair in the living room for a single trip to the kitchen before Elsa came to the door and said, "Dinner is served."

Then, just as they sat down, the baby began to cry. Mrs. Lewis excused herself and went up to him. He had climbed out of his crib and was sitting on the floor in his nightgown, wailing. She straightened the crib sheet and put him back to bed, but a moment after she returned to the table he began again. She pushed back her chair, but Elsa, who was passing the peas, said, "Don't you want me to go up to him this time, Mrs. Lewis, so he won't keep on disturbing you all through dinner?"

"Why, yes, thank you, Elsa," she said, sitting down again. She lost the thread of the conversation as she listened to Elsa going up the stairs and opening the door of the nursery. The baby instantly fell silent. Mrs. Lewis listened for him to start again, but after a little time the door opened and closed again and Elsa came downstairs in a complete silence. The others were going on with the conversation about the war, but Mrs. Lewis broke in abruptly.

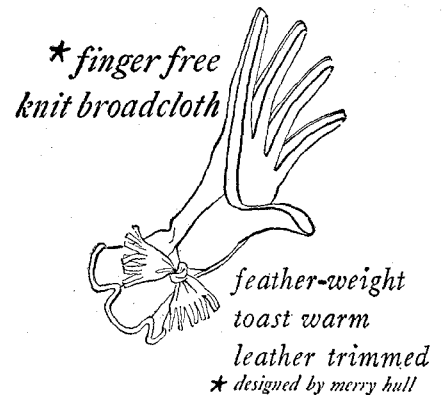
"She's perfectly wonderful with him," she said, conscious of her heightened color. "She's ten times as good at managing him as I am."

Sally Hepburn looked annoyed.

"You'd better be careful where you talk about her like that," she said. "We're safe, but I know plenty of people who would think nothing of luring her away with twice the money you're paying."

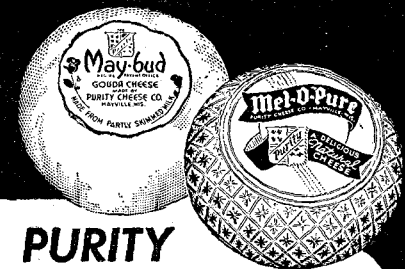
"Oh, that's just in the funny papers," said Mrs. Lewis. "People we know wouldn't do a thing like that."

"You keep on talking about how

FINE GLOVES**DANIEL HAYS**

GLOVES SINCE 1854

U. S. P. H. S. 2,125,673 - 2,194,934 - 2,226,604

**PURITY****Distinctive NATURAL CHEESE**

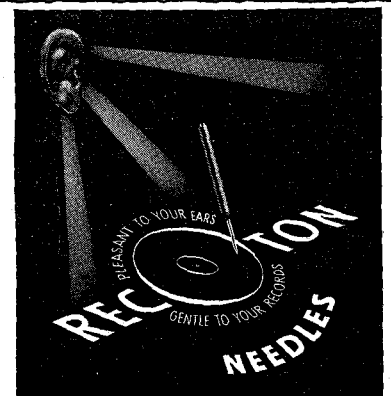
Golden MEL-O-PURE . . . Creamy, full-bodied . . . ideal for appetizer or dessert.
Glistening-red MAYBUD . . . Smooth, mild flavor with firm texture.

NO WASTE



AMERICA'S DAIRYLAND
in a Convenient Package

PURITY CHEESE CO. • Mayville, Wis.



good she is and you'll see," Sally warned.

Mrs. Lewis didn't say anything, but dimly, in the back of her mind, she felt something that might have been the dawn of hope.—ANNA MARY WELLS

WORDS FOR A JUKE BOX

We've walked with the crowds along
Broadway,
We've been to watch a name band play,
We've eaten chop suey and danced,
from bar
To bar we've been drinking; now here
we are.

The night's nearly gone and I've spent
all my money.
Here's another nickel for the juke box,
honey.
What can we do? Where can we go?
It's too late now for a midnight show.

So:

Put your arms around me, honey, hold
me tight.
I'll be gone tomorrow, babe, so treat
me right.
Cuddle up and snuggle up and look into
my eyes;
My leave is nearly over and we haven't
time for lies.

Put your arms around me, honey, hold
me tight;
All I've got left is a day and a night.
All I've got left is a night and a day,
And no matter how I want to, baby, I
can't stay.

Put your arms around me, honey, kiss
my lips.
Times Square is full of uniforms, the
sea is full of ships
Alone or in a convoy, looking for a port.
Put your arms around me, honey, time
is short.

Cuddle up and snuggle up, and say you
care.
Come past the corner Monday, babe, I
won't be there.
Some other guy will buy your beer when
you come here again,
But I'll be watching miles go clicking
past me from a train.

There isn't much time left; I've spent
all my money.
They're getting ready to close up,
honey.
They're turning off the juke box and
the neon light.
Put your arms around me, honey, hold
me tight. —EDWARD FENTON

WINE MERCHANTS  BY APPOINTMENT

The HARVEY Tradition is Yours—

The quality of Harvey patrons since 1796
constitutes our proudest testimonial. To
these distinguished wine-lovers, serving
Harvey's is a valued tradition. It is a
tradition you share each time your table
is graced by a bottle of Harvey's.



HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING . . . select golden sherry, full-bodied,
medium-sweet. HARVEY'S HUNTING . . . fine tawny port, mellow and dry.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.



SHE LOVES

chichi

the perfume that whispers "love me"
 ...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
 the pulse and lift the heart

Renoir

PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY HULL has announced that we will aid the Yugoslavian Partisans as well as the forces of General Draja Mikhailovitch. We are willing to send guns to both parties provided they do not shoot when they see the whites of each other's eyes.

Reports indicate that the people of the Balkan countries are hungry for peace. The time has passed when Hitler could satisfy their appetites by promising them generous slices of one another.

Congress still doesn't seem to understand what Morgenthau has been trying to explain to it. For some reason our statesmen apparently want us to give our money to the groceryman rather than to Uncle Sam.

Alfred Landon hopes that the Republicans will not adopt the same foreign policy as the Democrats, because such a move might accelerate a drift toward one-party government. He doubtless remembers the time he was caught in one of the worst drifts of the kind that the country has ever seen.

Tom Dewey's supporters are wondering whether he just has a cold or whether he is really losing his powers of resistance. It has been several weeks since he has been able to say no above a whisper.

The Senate Finance Committee has voted to eliminate the five-per-cent tax on pari-mutuel wagers approved by the House. The senators evidently feel that we should show more respect for our bettors.

Many young women were happy to hear that Frank Sinatra was rejected by the Army. The war would be completely spoiled for them if Frank were in it.

General Motors says it is prepared to spend half a billion dollars after the war reconverts its plants in order to help preserve the free-enterprise system. It also expects to use the plants to make a few automobiles.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BUY WAR BONDS • BUY WAR BONDS • BUY WAR BONDS

DEPARTMENT OF
AMPLIFICATION
RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
LOS ANGELES

DECEMBER 10, 1943

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

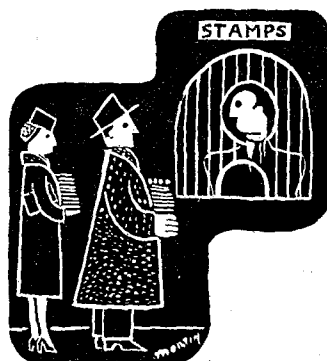
WILL you permit me, as the author of the screen play "Behind the Rising Sun," to submit a few footnotes to the interesting letter of Alexandre Pernikoff which you published in a recent issue? I appreciate the spirit of Mr. Pernikoff's letter, but the "errors" which he points out are not errors in fact. They may represent a departure from the historic tradition, but the Japanese culture, like all cultures, is full of similar variations. The screen play of "Behind the Rising Sun" was thoroughly documented. Briefly, these are the answers to the points raised by Mr. Pernikoff:

(1) It is true that the status of women in Japan is little better than that of slaves. But it is also true that as grandmothers the women of Japan really come into their own. They rule with an iron hand in a variety of ways. It is about the only thing that women in Japan have to live for.

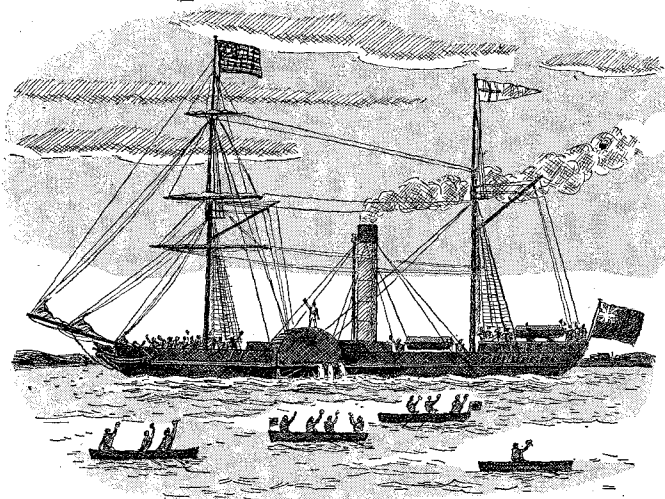
(2) It is true that geisha girls are usually sold at a very early age. But it is also true that some geisha favorites have remained in service for some time. Certainly there have been many geisha girls as old as the ones we used in "Behind the Rising Sun."

(3) The record of trade unionism and Christianity in Japan would seem to indicate that it is not too unlikely that one Japanese girl might be so overcome by love for America as to risk her life for it. The work of the American Red Cross in Japan, to say nothing of our moving pictures and baseball teams, attracted enthusiastic attention over a good many years.

(4) The question of whether the chauffeur for the Japanese Minister would participate in the escape of the



The Ship is different today

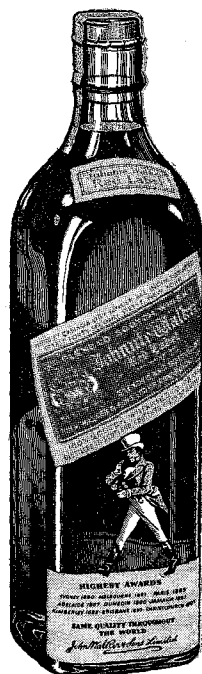


English Steam Packet of the early 19th century

BUT this Passenger is still the same!

Still as distinctively mellow and smooth as the day it first came over from Scotland . . . that's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the outside of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle — but inside good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.



JOHNNIE
WALKER

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL
8 YEARS OLD

Both
86.8 Proof

BLACK LABEL
12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Going our way?

If you can stop over in Québec, you'll never find this charmer of a city lovelier than under its powdery snow that dazzles in the sun; turns misty blue at dusk. Whenever you can come, the Chateau Frontenac has a full calendar of relaxation.

Christmas-New Year's at the Chateau Frontenac are out of a fairy story. Traditional ceremonies, sleighs, winter sports, skating at the door!

Skiing is for everyone at the Chateau Frontenac's Ski-Hawk School. Famous Parallel Technique teaches 3 out of 4 beginners to handle themselves on the hills in a week.

Lincoln's-Washington's Birthday...Spring skiing at its best! Slalom courses.

Rates: Special rates for stays of two weeks or longer, European Plan, or from \$8 a day (Canadian money), American Plan. All prices government-controlled.

Reservations: Madison Ave. at 44th, VA 6-4444; or write Manager, Chateau Frontenac, Québec.

Chateau Frontenac
In Friendly
Old Québec



Americans is purely a subjective one. Some chauffeurs might, some might not. Much stranger things have happened in this land of surprises.

(5) Whether the son would have betrayed his father is again a purely subjective question. Some sons might, some might not.

(6) It is true that the tradition of hara-kiri is that of a samurai act committed by high military or civil leaders when they have failed in the performance of their duty. But hara-kiri has also been committed for a wide variety of other reasons. And in this case, it paralleled the actions of many Japanese who have found their way of life a dead-end street. If it does not square completely with the tenets of the *Bushido* code, neither do many other Japanese suicides square with the code.

Sincerely,

EMMET LAVERY

WINTER GARDEN

Child, dream of a pomegranate tree
Weighted with ruby, showered with gold,

Dream of a fig tree under the cold
And cloudy sky
Lifting its curved and silver boughs
Like to a roofless house
For birds that be

Tardily in December here;
Dream of a spare
And twisted vine—
The grape—and ivy for the hair,
And honeysuckle, stubborn twine;
And of the firm and hidden shape
Of the green orange deep in the tree;
And, dreaming, in my garden be.

I have bestowed calendulas
That brighten beside reddening haws,
And rooted out the horehound gray,
And pulled the nettle from our way,
And torn my hand on brambleberry.
Then, if a drop, red as a cherry,
Of blood upon my finger show,
It is a seal set to a vow
To ward and to cherish,
Ever as now,
Now that you sleep your joy to replenish
Each branch, each bough,
That not a leaf in your garden perish.

—JANET LEWIS

Even the stoniest heart would stir at the sight of this sinewy black rayon satin gown haltered with the blue men like. Purposely designed for sudden meetings packed with drama.—*Adv. in Harper's Bazaar.*

Meetings with men whose brawny arms are strong as iron bands?



• There's a world of flavor-lure for leftovers, stews and budget dishes in a bottle of Heinz 57 Sauce! Made from racily spiced, long-mellowed tropical and domestic fruits and vegetables, this number-one wartime condiment is a grand table sauce—works wonders for your cooking! Why not try a bottle?

Heinz 57-SAUCE

17 flavors blended into one

THE DIFFERENCE IS

Abbott's

Add zest to your whiskey, wine, gin, and rum drinks. Add a dash of Abbott's.

Abbott's BITTERS
SINCE 1872

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Convenient for theatre-goers—



Luncheon • Dinner

Specialties:

Soupe à l'union

Moules Marinière

Squab en casserole Florida

A LA FOURCHETTE

342 W. 46th St.

CI 5-9744

DEPARTURE

WHEN the kid called me, I sat up on the cot and threw back the mosquito netting.

"What time is it?"

"Five-thirty, sir."

"O.K."

I looked around the tent at the three officers sleeping in the gray dawn of Guadalcanal and remembered that this was my last morning. I felt for my shoes under the cot and got my gray cotton socks from under the pillow. As I put them on, I gradually woke and thought of the things I had to do. My flight orders were lying on the table in the centre of the tent, my musette bag and rifle on the floor. There were a couple of Jap helmets, and a .25 rifle I'd wanted to take back for deer hunting in the fall, but I knew that they would go over the flying weight limit.

My flight bag was on a chair by the table, its seams strained, its canvas grimy and dusty like the sack dress of a charwoman. I'd have unpacked it and thrown out the new uniform I carried everywhere, but I knew I'd have nothing to wear when I got to Honolulu and San Francisco in a few days. I don't know yet why I dragged it thirty thousand miles. It was my personal albatross.

My issue shoes felt cold and stiff as I walked over to the table. I picked up my rifle and looked at it. It was a Springfield cut down like a sporting rifle and all the G.I.'s had thought I was a character. Hell, I couldn't take it back either. Forget about it. Leave it here to rust and fall apart. It was expendable too.

Bud turned over on his cot but kept on sleeping. No need to wake him. I had his mother's phone number. I'd call her from the airport at Salt Lake City. God knows when he'd get back. I found my ski cap under the table and put it on. Now I was the well-dressed Sunday gentleman. Every inch G.I. except the ski cap. A dive-bomber pilot once offered me forty bucks for it. If I'd wanted to sell it I could have got a hundred. That was the way things were. So little you could do that satisfying even a minor desire was worth all the money you had.

I picked up both rifles and put them on top of the table. Bud had been working there last night and some of his papers were still scattered around. Well, here's an Arisaka .25 for you, Bud, old

man, and a couple of tin hats some slope-heads used to wear. Treasure them, my boy.

I put on my web belt, with the canteen, strapped shut the musette bag, slid it over my shoulder, and picked up my flight bag from the chair. Christ, the thing must weigh damn near fifty pounds by itself. I kicked open the screen door and walked down the steps.

The birds were beginning to screech through the plantation trees and I saw a big rat run across the bare ground near the admiral's hut. There was a fence near the road and I sat on it to wait. The mist was lifting from the hill and the air was still and cool. I rolled down my shirtsleeves and lighted a cigarette. That made me feel a little warmer.

While I waited, I could hear the occasional backfire of an engine at Henderson Field. Each time a prop turned over, the engine seemed to explode and reverberate through the palms and the hills and echo over to Lunga Point and Sealark Channel and then boomerang back to me, sitting on the admiral's fence in the morning stillness.

The southbound plane was leaving too early for breakfast. I hadn't eaten much the night before and I began to feel hungry. Wherever you were, there was never much to eat and you seemed to live on cigarettes and coffee and D ration or K ration or candy bars and cigars, when you could get them. At the larger bases, out of bombing range, there were good-sized officers' and C.P.O. clubs, where you could get beer and crackers and cheese and salted nuts in big fifteen-cent cans. When you ate coconuts or wild bananas or other South Pacific fruits you always got dysentery. I stubbed out my cigarette and thought of the officers' club at Noumea. It had been the old French Hôtel du Pacifique, but after we took over New Caledonia, only colonels and admirals and their staff officers got

rooms there. It was a regular brass-hattery. All of that gold braid lived with rats and cockroaches and scabrous Indo-Chinese help, in rooms whose roofs leaked and whose water closets overflowed. But the tiled courtyard and the big tropical plants looked grand in the morning when you woke up, and it was good to walk down the broken stairs, across the courtyard into the garden by

the big green goldfish pool, and watch the birds in the *niaouli* trees. There was a lot of the Vieux Carré about the place—rusty iron grillwork and century plants and moss on the branches of the trees and old, crumbling masonry. The rooms were known by the murders and rapes that had happened there in earlier years and every now and then I'd hear officers wondering which room the former mayor had kept for his leper mistress. A great lot, those Melanesians. I looked at my hands—swollen and red and scratched and infected. Streaked with iodine and blotched with broken blisters. Nails worn down. Dirt ground into my fingers. It would take a manicurist a week to get them up to a wharf rat's level.

I saw the jeep coming down the hill and walked out to the road, carrying my bags. The mist was clearing rapidly and we'd probably be able to see the control tower at Henderson from the top of the hill. The driver stopped the jeep beside me. He was a young Marine, red-eyed from lack of sleep.

"You the war correspondent?"

"Yes," I said, getting in. I put my flight bag on the floor behind the front seats.

"Just to SCAT, sir?"

"That'll do," I said. I sat back against the cold, damp, canvas seat, and he turned the jeep and headed back up the hill.

"Goin' back, sir?"

"Yes."

"All the way?"

"Yes." It made me uncomfortable to have him say it that way. I looked away from him. I knew what he wanted me to ask him. Finally I did.

"How long have you been here?"

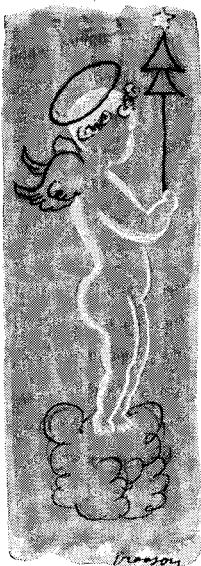
"Eight months."

"The papers say all the Marines have gone back."

"Look at me, Mister. I'm one and I ain't got back."

It made me sick the way he said it—the way so many of them said it to me, as though all I had to do was tell somebody about it to get them relieved.

"I know," I said. I wanted him to think it had been tough for me, too, but I knew it hadn't been. Maybe I'd taken some chances and flown to a lot of places I didn't like much, but all the time I knew I could leave any time I wanted to. Everybody else knew it and that was another reason I'd stayed on. I had to wash my clothes and take care of myself and keep my ears open and talk guys into letting me do things I shouldn't have done, but wherever I'd been, I always slept as comfortably and ate as





"No sale, gentlemen. We just discovered a secret drawer containing six bottles of William Penn."

WILLIAM PENN Blended Whiskey, popular since '98, is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, always ask for William Penn Blended Whiskey. Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Illinois.

A Toast To Victory



Hats off to you who use your feet
For wartime transportation—
And thus save vital tires and gas
To help our fighting nation!



Millions "Say When" with
William Penn

BLENDING WHISKEY — 86 PROOF — 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

well and smoked as frequently and had as many drinks as the next man. And on top of that, I knew I could go back any time. Well, I was on my way now. This was the end of the epoch for me. I didn't want to leave, but I was on my way. Somebody else was coming out to take my place. I felt a little hostile toward him. I wondered what he'd do that I hadn't. I wondered if he'd be able to fly with the guys and live with them and eat with them and watch them get shot down without letting it get him too much. That was how it had been tough for me. Talking with kids like this one, who thought I had a private wire to the White House, who resented my going back when he had to stay.

HENDERSON lay ahead of us. I thought of the North Atlantic, where I'd rolled around on a tin can for almost a year. That had been tough, too, but there was always Boston or New York or Norfolk at one end of the line and Reykjavik or Londonderry at the other. At least they were places. Towns, cities, villages, with people and pubs and stores and shops and girls who looked like girls you'd seen before. Here it was one island after another, and when you got to the forward zones it was like nothing you'd ever seen or ever wanted to see again. Just men living around a landing strip. Sleeping and eating and relaxing so they could take up their planes in a few hours and shoot and bomb hell out of Munda or Rekata or Vila or Kahili.

Some recco planes chugged down the apron in the distance. Every morning they did the same thing and the afternoons were the same and the evenings. The same things happened even when Charlie came over to bomb Henderson, and the pattern, once created, remained the same.

The road down the other side of the hill, toward Southern Combat Air Transport, was bumpy with pits and with the rocks that had rolled onto it from the side of the hill. I could see the planes scattered before me on the little table that was Henderson, the palm trees bordering the landing strip, and the shacks and huts the mechs and ordinance men lived in. On another hill, to the right, squatted Strike Command, with its dugout control room and the swell guys who worked there. Until I met them I'd never thought much of Quonset officers. They couldn't handle a ship, but they were smart and quick and knew what they were doing and could work over long stretches when things were hot. Sometimes, when I sat

with them in their cool, whitewashed room, it seemed as though the whole Pacific War was being fought from there. Most of them were young, and a surprising number wore glasses. After I'd come back from an all-night strike I'd sit with them and have a bit of cold bacon and a mug of joe, feeling so tired I could hardly talk. Well, I was leaving them, too. Maybe I'd see them in the States someday, when the thing was over. Maybe. Their war would go on twenty-four hours a day, whether I stayed or left, and they'd have to be just as good.

I looked at the edge of the field by SCAT Operations, hoping the plane would be there so I could climb in and make myself comfortable among the mail sacks before the other passengers got aboard. No luck. I'd have to take my turn. That was another thing about being a war correspondent. You got elbowy and threw your weight around to get places fast and first. PASPRES. Please Expedite Passage of Material as Soon as Possible. I thought of a dispatch I'd sent back airmail. I'd waited a long time and finally, when I didn't hear from New York, I began tracing it. I learned that the plane it had been on had smacked up in the water. Four guys killed. At first I was sore as hell at them for dunking the plane and losing my dispatch. Immortal words they must have been to make me overlook the four guys who'd been killed.

THE jeep bumped over a half-sunken log and stopped in front of the Operations tent. The Marine got out and took my flight bag from the rear.

"Where do you want it, sir?"

"Inside the tent."

We walked toward the open flap and I felt my canteen slap lightly at my

hip. Better fill it before the takeoff. Wouldn't be any on the C-47.

A tall major came out of the tent. "Hunt?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Had some trouble with your orders."

"The flag secretary crossed me," I said. I'd had to pull a double play to get a priority. In the South Pacific a correspondent travels Priority 7. Nothing lower. Throw on another sack of mail, Mac, and throw off that damn correspondent. Sometimes we flew and sometimes we waited. We waited to go someplace and we waited to get back.

"Anything else, sir?" said the Marine.

"No," I said. "Go back and turn in for a while."

"Too late, sir. Time for chow."

"Thanks," I said.

"That's all right, sir. Have a drink for me when you hit Frisco."

"Right." That made exactly four hundred and thirty-seven drinks I was obligated to consume in San Francisco. Well, I'd have a try at it, anyway.

"Your priority's seven, Hunt," the major said.

"Yes," I said. "It usually is."

"Better weigh in now."

I followed the major into the tent and saw my flight bag on the scales. I put my musette bag on top of it.

"Fifty-three," the weigher sang out. "Pretty close," he said to me.

"Too close," I said. Two pounds leeway wasn't much.

"You've got a little while," the major said. "Had breakfast?"

"No," I said. "I'd rather catch the plane. I could go back and eat but the plane might leave. I'll wait."

"Suit yourself," the major said. He went out of the tent, got into his jeep, and drove away.

I looked at the passenger manifest. There were two names on it besides mine. That gave me a good chance of getting aboard. If there were many more, the higher priorities would squeeze me out. I lighted a cigarette and went outside. The sun was coming up now and the air was warmer. The noise of engines from Henderson was louder and quite steady. A strike must be warming up. I hoped the C-47 would land before the strike started taking off. Save a little time.

"Number sixty-five coming in," I heard from inside the tent. That would be it. I stepped into the clearing and looked over the tops of the palms at the other end of Henderson. The plane was just a dark dot in the distance. I



PRACTICAL and WELCOME! . . .

LOVELY LISLE STOCKINGS
—Knit in America of super-fine Egyptian yarns. In a pretty sun-tan shade. 8½ to 10½. **1.65**

PURE WOOL GLOVES that are marvelously warm. In camel color only. Small, medium, or large. **3.00**

First Floor

McCutcheon's 
FIFTH AVENUE AT 49th STREET • NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Dagger JAMAICA RUMS

Three Dagger

86 PROOF

One Dagger

86 PROOF

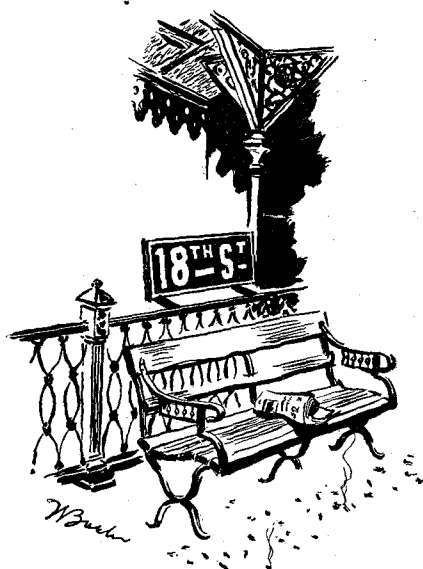
Dagger Punch

97 PROOF

Rich, mellow,
satisfying... famous for more
than a century for their
unique flavour.

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 118 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



Moonstone and gold
spray pin
with diamonds \$475



Olga
TRITT

589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



DISTINGUISHED ENTERTAINING
CALLS FOR A
DISTINGUISHED LIQUEUR

de Kuyper's
DELECTA

AFTER-DINNER

Liqueur



Enjoy this great after-
dinner liqueur, straight
or half-and-half with
brandy. You will be
delighted with its
delicious taste and
distinctive bouquet.
Made in America.

National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof

**A hunch
FOR lunch...**

AND DINNERS, TOO!

A pleasant surprise awaits you.
Delicious food . . . moderate
prices . . . pleasant atmosphere.

Luncheons 12 to 3 P.M.

Dinner \$1.25 up, served
week days 5-8:30 P.M.

Alexandra

8 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY PL 3-1542



A gorgeous Monique
Bag. Black or Brown
Calfskin. Also, Black or
Brown Suede. Lovely
Lucite ornament. Under arm frame.

Inside zipper. \$37.50

monique

745 FIFTH AVENUE AT 58th STREET

watched it until I could see the early-morning sun glinting on its propellers.

Behind me a command car drove up and stopped. Two soldiers, one of them an M.P., got out. I could see that they were handcuffed together. As they passed me, the M.P. took a sheaf of orders from his pocket. The plane circled lower, its landing flaps jutting down.

I walked into the tent and saw the two soldiers standing at the Operations desk. The duty sergeant took the M.P.'s orders and checked them against the manifest. The M.P. and his prisoner sat down on a bench against the wall of the tent. I stood in the doorway until I heard the plane landing on the field. Then I went to the scales, picked up my musette bag, and slung it over my shoulder. Then I picked up the flight bag. My muscles were sore and I felt tired. The Operations crew talked inside the tent. The duty sergeant kept looking at the prisoner. The M.P. seemed embarrassed. I went outside and filled my canteen from the Lister bag.

The plane had turned around and was coming slowly back toward the edge of the field near the tent. The pilot gunned one engine and the plane swung around and stopped. He cut the engine and the cargo door opened. A truck drove alongside and backed up to the cargo door. Two men climbed from the truck into the plane and began throwing mail bags out. They worked quickly, and when they had finished, another truck filled with outgoing mail backed up next to the first truck. The first truck drove away and the men on the second truck began piling sacks of mail into the plane.

I hauled my flight bag over to the plane. The truck was empty and in a moment it drove away. I boosted my flight bag onto the deck of the plane and climbed in after it. The crew chief was lashing down the sacks of mail. I looked around for a soft mail bag to sit on, one that didn't have any packages in it. I found one and took off my musette bag. When the crew chief finished tying down the mail he looked back at me.

"Goin' back?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Got room?"

"Sure," he said. "Plenty." He passed me and jumped onto the ground.

I lay back on the mail bag and looked at the stripped interior of the plane. Probably been on the New York-Los Angeles run. I thought it would be nice to fly in a plane with seat cushions and a hostess when I got back to the States.

Some men were talking outside the

plane. The two soldiers were standing by the cargo door. The M.P. took off his glasses and climbed into the plane. He had taken off the handcuffs. The prisoner climbed in after him.

"Anybody using these seats, sir?" the M.P. asked.

"No," I said. "Help yourself."

"Sit down, Jack," he said to the other soldier. "Make yourself to home."

They sat side by side on the bare aluminum seats. The M.P. looked out of the cracked plastic windows at the gas truck that was refuelling the plane.

"I wish we'd get goin'," the prisoner said. He was a tall corporal with an aquiline nose and long black hair. Kentucky hill boy, I thought. After a while the gas truck drove away and the crew chief climbed back into the plane, closing the door behind him. He read our names from the duplicate manifest. "Hunt, Adams, Wilkins. Right?"

"Right," I said.

He looked curiously at the prisoner and then made his way past me, climbing over the high stack of mail bags.

The first engine kicked over, tearing at the dust of Henderson. I could see the long, corkscrew billows swirling out behind us across the runway. Some dive bombers were racing down the airstrip and I could just hear their drone above the sound of the first engine. Then the second turned over and coughed into life. The plane trembled as the pilot throttled ahead. It turned slowly and we rumbled down the apron toward the end of Henderson.

I lay back against the mail sack, holding onto the lashings as we took off. The jarring of the engines ceased when we were airborne. I sat up and looked at the prisoner. The brown pool table of Henderson was below and behind us. I watched out of the window until I saw the beach at Lunga Point and the blue-green water of the channel shining in the morning sun. The prisoner got up and walked back toward the pile of yellow Mae Wests. I motioned to the M.P. and he crawled over to me.

Cupping my hands, I shouted into his ear. "What'd he do?" I asked. "What's he done?"

"Killed a man!" the M.P. shouted back. "Takin' him south for trial."

"When'd he do it?"

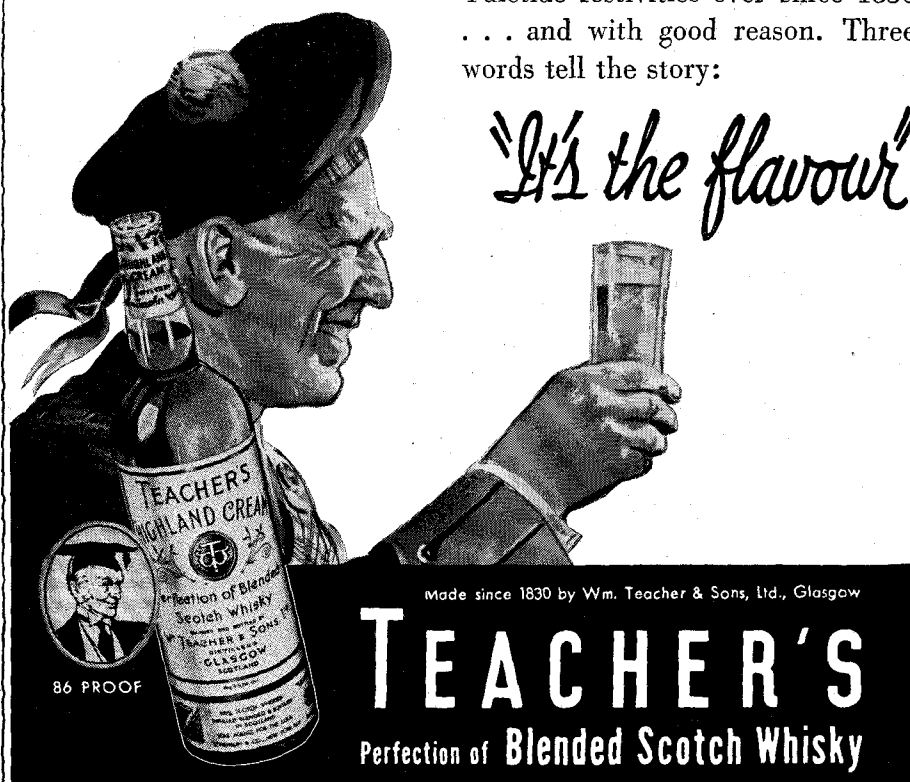
"Last night. A guy in his tent had threatened to kill him for a long time, so Wilkins took his rifle and shot him last night. Beat him to it." The M.P. moved back to his seat.

The prisoner came back, blowing up a Mae West. He steadied himself against

Tae anither-r Yuletide!

Teacher's has been a favorite at Yuletide festivities ever since 1830. . . . and with good reason. Three words tell the story:

"It's the flavour"



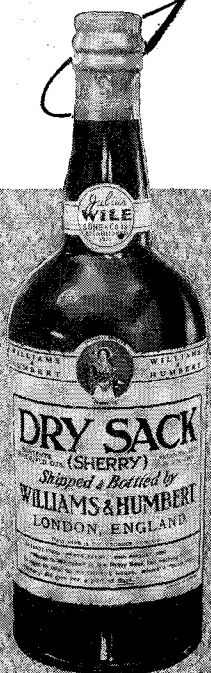
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The **PLAZA**

Facing the Park
FIFTH AVE. at 59th ST.

DRY SACK

Sherry



IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

The Most Famous Wine of a Famous Producer WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Dry Sack is one sherry that appeals to all sherry lovers. It boasts a fine balance between dry and sweet; a mild nutty flavor. If you can afford the best, this is the sherry to make your palate glow. Delicious at room temperature or slightly chilled. It is important to insist on Dry Sack as waiters often confuse it with merely dry sherry. No need to accept substitutes. Your favorite bar or store can obtain it.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y.



"Sherry Sir?"

the roof of the cabin. "Never been in a plane before!" he shouted at me.

"How do you like it?"

"Fine," he said. He went back to his seat and sat down on the partially inflated life jacket. Then he turned and looked at the land behind and the sea below.

I looked at Guadalcanal in the distance and realized that I was sorry to leave. I could think of nothing then that I could do in the future to equal the things I had seen and done on that island. I didn't like to think about the men I was leaving behind me.

In a little while the M.P. got out a can of Vienna sausage and half a loaf of bread. He punched open the can with his sheath knife and cut a rough slice from the loaf. When he had dug some sausage from the can, he put it on the bread and handed it to his prisoner. Then he made a sandwich for himself and passed the can and the loaf to me. I cut a few links from the sausage that was left and began eating it. The sausage was cold and its taste was pungent. The bread was coarse and dry, but it was no worse and no better than the bread I usually ate. When I had eaten enough, I handed the things back to the M.P. He wiped off his knife on a mail bag and put it away in its sheath.

The sun streamed brilliantly into the cabin, but the air was thin and cold. I found a blanket and covered myself with it. My stomach was full and I was tired as hell. After a while I fell asleep.

—HOWARD HUNT

For sex appeal Olivia de Havilland wears a pair of men's pajamas and takes an on-stage bath (see above). In it love blossoms in a chop suey restaurant, a first-aid class, on a park bench and...—*Life*.

There'll be a rim around that tub.

NEW CLUB FORMED—Sol Lansburgh (left) of Lansburgh & Bros., who has been with the store for more than a century, presenting a service pin to Marx Kahn, who started his career there almost 49 years ago.—*Picture caption in the Washington Post*.

Hmm... newcomer.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Frankfort (Ind.) Times]

It is believed that public opinion cuts a big figure in the national elections, according to the opinion of people moving around the square on Saturday.

It was voiced by many that very few people are able to stem the tide of public opinion, especially if it be against them.

TASTE the difference tonight!
FEEL the difference tomorrow!

"Try it," says popular
MILTON BERLE, star
of "Ziegfeld Follies"
at the Winter Garden

Mr. Berle always serves his guests with White Rock Sparkling Water... it improves the flavor of all their drinks... helps keep one feeling fit next day.

It's the natural mineral salts in White Rock that improve the flavor and combat acidity!

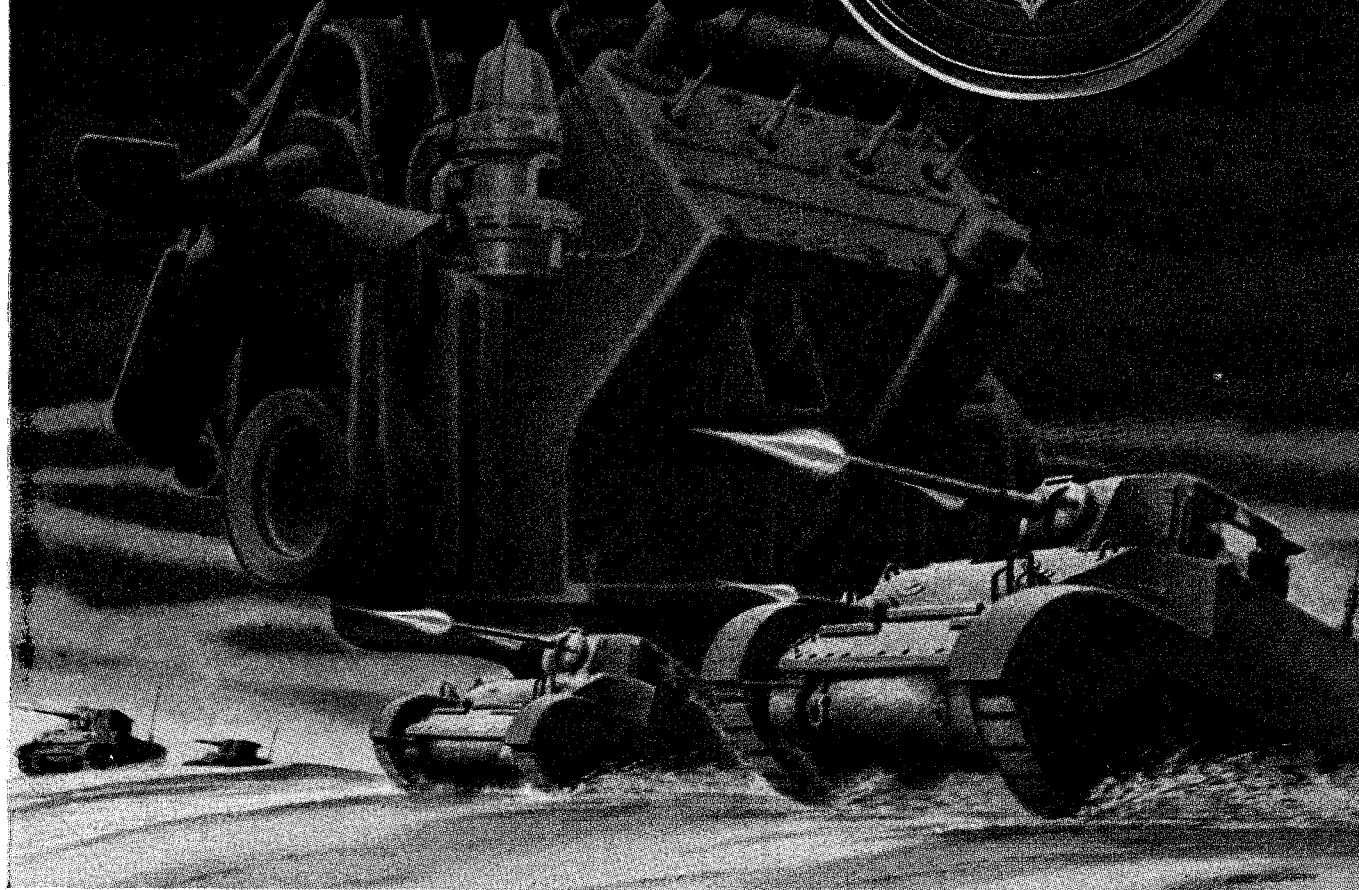
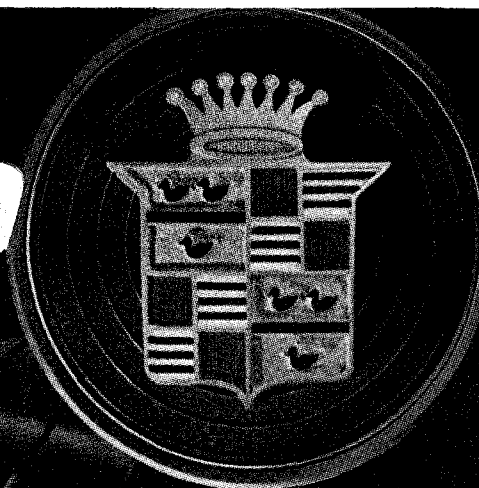
White Rock's sparkle bubbles to the end of a drink... it's **SUPER-CHARGED**. Try White Rock tonight.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE



Save with the
BIG BOTTLE!
... enjoy the
best for about 3¢
a highball

Cadillac



Serving with distinction...in war as in peace

Unless you have seen an M-5 light tank in action, it is difficult to imagine how fast and agile it is. These qualities come largely from the adaptation of Cadillac-built, automotive-type power and power transmission.

U. S. Army Ordnance engineers accepted the Cadillac V-type engine, with its powerful, rugged and compact design for adaptation to tank use. In tests, the combination of these engines and Hydra-Matic transmission gave the M-5 light tank great speed and maneuverability. In actual service on several fronts its fighting ability is a matter of record—a source of genuine pride to us.

Producing the M-5 tank is but one of the major war assign-

ments on which Cadillac skills and production facilities are being exercised to the limit. Another is the manufacture in great volume of high precision assembly units for the V-type Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine which powers many famous fighter planes.

Into both assignments goes everything that we at Cadillac have acquired in working for nearly 40 years to the immutable Cadillac principle, "Craftsmanship a Creed—Accuracy a Law." Into both goes the determination that, insofar as it is within our power, these implements of victory will be worthy of the men who use them.

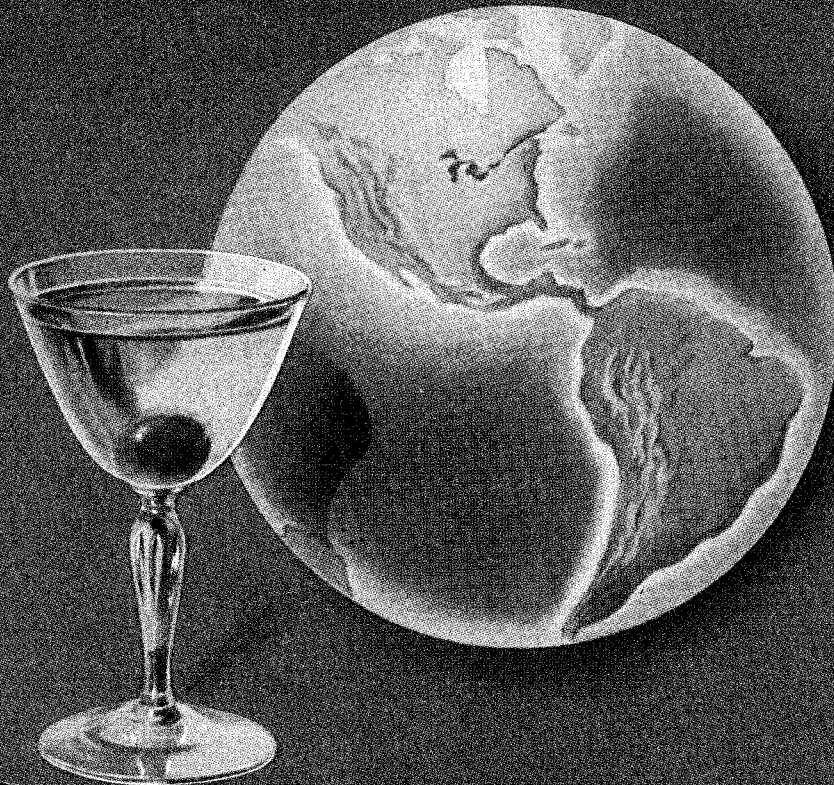
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION



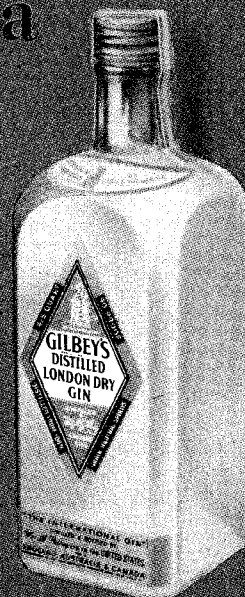
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



PUT YOUR DOLLARS
IN THE
SERVICE OF UNCLE SAM
Buy War Bonds



For the most delicious Martini
in the world, make one with
the gin that for nearly a
century has been the
world's favorite



GILBEY'S

the International

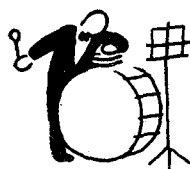
GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN... ENGLAND... AUSTRALIA... CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

MUSICAL EVENTS

In Plain English



"CARMEN JONES," besides being one of the most fascinating musical plays that ever came to town, is also the farthest North—or, if you prefer, the farthest South—of all translations of opera into English. Oscar Hammerstein II has done much more than equip the libretto of Meilhac and Halévy with English words. He has translated the entire show into an American setting, and he has done it so brilliantly that a spectator unaware of the other "Carmen" probably would never suspect that "Carmen Jones" wasn't an original whose music had been composed by a newcomer named Georges Bizet. Mr. Hammerstein has also tied up the loose ends of the standard "Carmen" text—the edition, complete with recitatives, that usually is performed in opera houses—so that the story and its motivations are considerably strengthened.

The musical treatment by Robert Russell Bennett is, among other things, a clever and sensitive adaptation of the score to the requirements of theatre production. Mr. Bennett has adjusted Bizet's instrumentation so expertly that it still has its full effect when played by the necessarily smaller theatre ensemble. Those who know the music will spot some elisions, a few shifts, and an occasional addition of material based on Bizet's themes, but the essential "Carmen" is present and nobly accounted for.

UPTOWN, two other operas in English were on view last week—Grétry's "The Two Misers," produced at Brander Matthews Hall, on West 117th Street, by the Columbia Theater Associates, and Cimarosa's "The Secret Marriage," offered by the Juilliard Graduate School of Music in its Claremont Avenue auditorium. "The Two Misers" is pleasant, generally brisk eighteenth-century music and the story of the two hoarders and the romance between their young relatives is a fairly typical comedy yarn of the period. Edward Eager, who wrote the English version, has livened up matters with ingenious rhymes and topical idioms, and it all moved along cheerfully under Nicholas Goldschmidt's conducting. The orchestra seemed to be having

CHARBERT'S

Breathless

Perfume romantic as
your moments together
\$6.75, \$12.75, \$24.



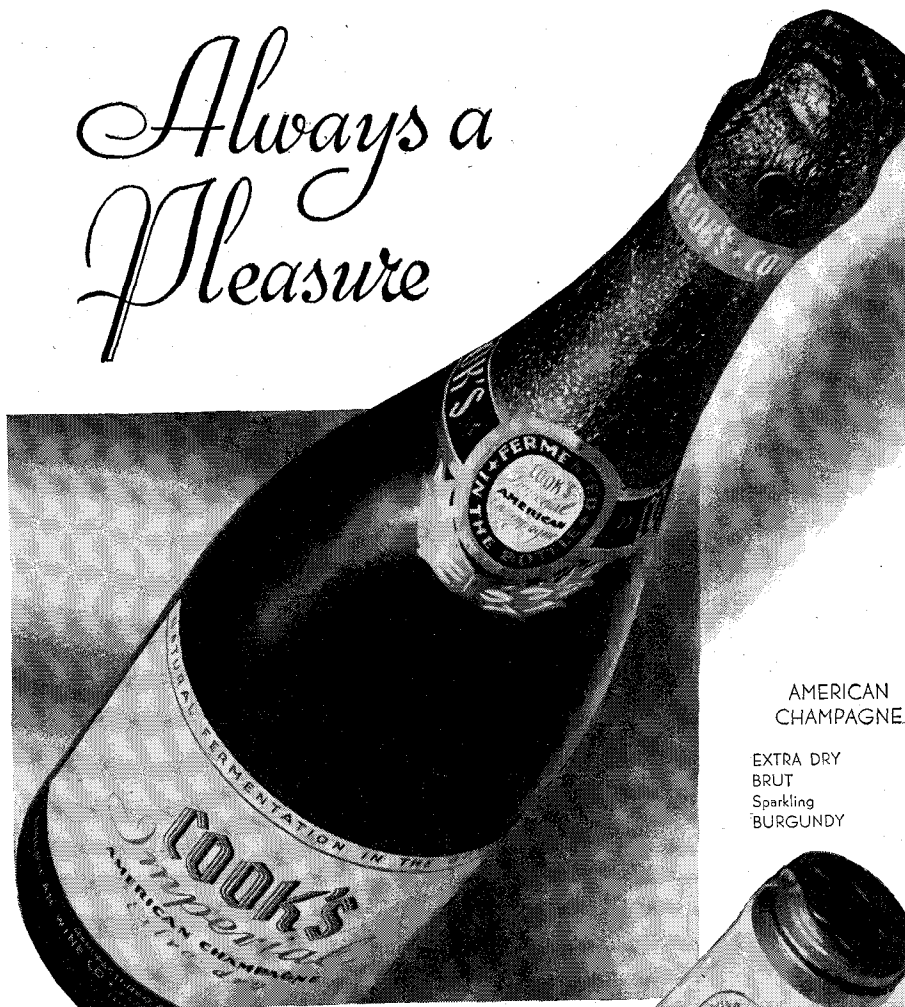
*Prices Plus Federal Tax



GEORG JENSEN INC.

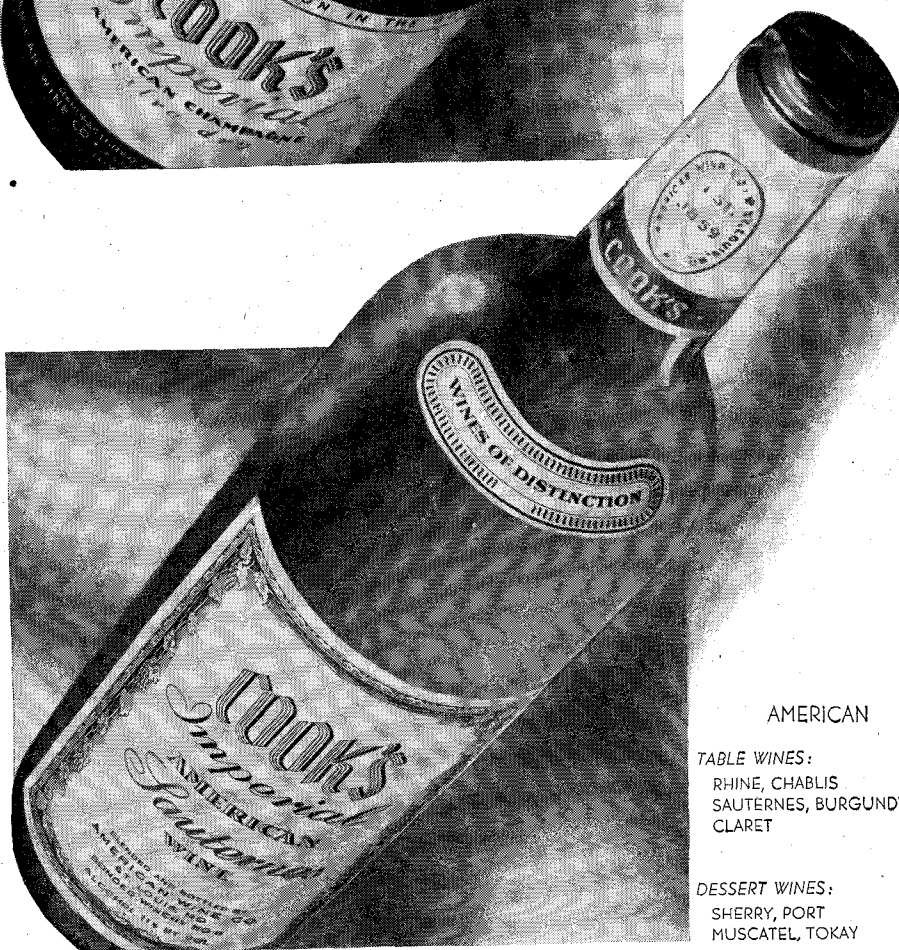
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

*Always a
Pleasure*



AMERICAN
CHAMPAGNE

EXTRA DRY
BRUT
Sparkling
BURGUNDY



AMERICAN

TABLE WINES:
RHINE, CHABLIS
SAUTERNES, BURGUNDY
CLARET

DESSERT WINES:
SHERRY, PORT
MUSCATEL, TOKAY

some trouble now and then at the performance I heard, but the singers went about their business smartly. Of them, Hugh Thompson deserves special mention for his characterization and vocalization of the miser Martin.

"The Secret Marriage" was presented brightly in the English adaptation devised by the late Albert Stoessel, whose simple and singable text made its points effectively, as it had done in other performances at Juilliard.

A CANDIDATE for performance in English, perhaps even for a reworking on Broadway, is Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann," which had a striking revival in the original French at the Metropolitan under the imaginative and stimulating leadership of Sir Thomas Beecham. This production was more important as a presentation than for any individual contributions by the cast, but it was nevertheless the début of a distinguished addition to the Metropolitan roster—the eminent French baritone, Martial Singher. Mr. Singher was enthusiastically acclaimed for his Dappertutto, but this rôle didn't really demonstrate his great capabilities. Herbert Graf, the stage director, has revised the action of the customary Metropolitan production of "The Tales of Hoffmann," and, except for a few touches of nonsense like comedy false noses and a melodramatic green spotlight, it was excellent stuff.

Another opera that goes well in English is "The Barber of Seville," which had its first Metropolitan showing of the season Saturday evening, in Italian, however. There always have been laughs in it for those who understood Italian, and even some for those who didn't, but "The Barber" is a wow when the whole audience knows what the cast is talking about. The presentation went off smoothly and animatedly under the guidance of Wilfred Pelletier.

LIEDER in English appeared at the Town Hall recital of Florence Easton, who sang twenty German songs in her own translations. Miss Easton's unpretentious and practical versions helped to make out a good case in English for Schubert, Brahms, and Schumann. So did her singing.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT
[From the table of contents in Collier's]
WACS IN AFRICA

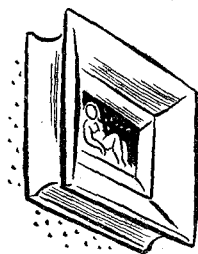
The girls have brought efficiency, service and smiles. The generals want more.

Page 16

AMERICAN WINE CO • EST. 1859 • ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ART GALLERIES

More about Collectors



STRUGGLING with a bad cold and oppressed by the foreboding that I was going to be confronted with something very similar in quality to the remnants of the Morgan collection I'd viewed a few weeks before, I went up to the Metropolitan Museum, where the collection of its late president, George Blumenthal, has been placed on exhibition. It turned out to be not so bad as I had expected. Mr. Blumenthal was a competitor of Mr. Morgan in the field of banking; he was like him, too, and like most other collectors of the period, in at least one other respect. He had a tendency to confuse the value of a work of art, as art, with its purely associational value, so a piece of sculpture, say, even though a bad one, somehow became less bad if it happened to be a portrait of Louis XV of France and a carved armchair took on extra glamour if it bore on its back the initials of Marie Antoinette.

Now, there is no harm at all in this business of buying mementos of famous personages of the past if one admits the things to be that and nothing else. The damage is done when the distinction is not made clear and the trusting onlooker is led into the same confusions that governed the collector's thinking. Here, it seems to me, certain political considerations, which a museum functioning in a democracy should not shirk, enter the scene. Largely through the same influences as are apparent in the present collection, I grew up thinking that Marie Antoinette was a romantic, beautiful creature, full of gallantry, gaiety, and courage, and that the whole French Revolution was probably a ghastly mistake. I was well past my college years before I discovered that she had been, in reality, a stupid and stodgy little Austrian, who met one of the great crises in European history with no other emotion but selfish bewilderment.

Insofar as the Blumenthal memorabilia play up such outworn notions—as they do in a good part of the tapestries, the sculpture, and the miscellaneous objets d'art—they should, I think, be merely considered high-class junk and let go at that. The paintings section,

however, is something else again. The main attraction here is an "Adoration of the Magi" by Joos van Gent, a fifteenth-century Flemish artist little known in this country. But the emphasis of the section is on the Italians of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and although no really great names are represented and the majority of the works bear such cautious attributions as "from the workshop of," "by a follower of," and so on, a firm grasp of the feeling of early religious painting can be sensed in almost all the paintings in this group. There is a fine "Madonna and Child" by the Master of the Castello Nativity that is somehow reminiscent of Carlo Crivelli in the delicacy of its handling, and a "Trinity" by Agnolo Gaddi that is even more interesting for its odd design. I liked, too, the gray "Virgin and Child" by an unknown French painter of the sixteenth century, as well as the lovely "Saint Lucy" by Bartolo di Fredi.

AT first sight, it seems odd to title a show "Raoul Dufy and Some of his Contemporaries," as the Bignou Gallery has done with its current exhibition. There is a cart-before-the-horse impression about the name, especially since among the contemporaries included are such men as Picasso, Georges Rouault, Joan Miró, and Matisse, who perhaps more than any other painter served as Dufy's particular guide and master. Yet, partly because of its arrangement, partly because the Dufys are good examples and the others are not so good, the show lives up to its title. I came away from it feeling that Dufy, for all his reputation for sketchy urbanity, had considerably more on the ball than I had realized. His fault lies in his inability, or his sheer unwillingness, to resolve the really fundamental problems of design. He can handle broad subjects with telling effect, as he does in his "Nice" and "Régates à Deauville." He has worked out a number of graceful devices for investing a simple composition with an appearance of complexity, as he does in his "Golfe Juan." But when he is left all alone with a big, bare canvas and a big, undramatic, but really profound project that he's chosen to fill it with, as in the case of "L'Atelier de l'Artiste," his ingrained superficiality becomes evident and the design falls apart in consequence. I liked better his "Le Modèle Hindou," done with great assurance and tact and with several deep bows to Matisse. As a foil to the group of Dufys, there are a green, peaceful landscape by André Derain called "Le Couvent des Capucins," a

dark "La Cathédrale de Saint-Denis" by Utrillo, and a lovely cool still life, "Fuchsias et Oeillets d'Inde," by Vuillard.

A CONSISTENT good taste, though possibly a slightly pale one, has governed the selections at the Willard Gallery, and the seventh anniversary exhibition there, though it features some twenty artists, has a certain homogeneity in consequence. There are two cheerful, whimsical water colors by Lyonel Feininger (these delight me, although his oils do not), a lively "Winter Dunes" by Loren MacIver, a fine, sombre "Anvil" by Donald Forbes, and an early, highly simplified landscape by Ben-Zion called "The Well," in addition to two sculptures and a medallion by David Smith (see his carefully worked-out "Head as Still Life") and one of the finest John Ferren intaglios I've ever seen, called "Plaster." . . . Old people and children have this in common—that when they take to painting they reveal a sometimes startling directness of vision and a complete lack of inhibitions in transferring that vision to canvas. At the New Art Circle there is a showing of paintings by Israel Litwak, a modern primitive who began painting six years ago and now, at the age of seventy-three, is having his first exhibition. It is difficult to know how to judge such work. It's the artistic crudity, first of all, that attracts, fascinates, and beguiles one, and the appeal is something like listening to a foreigner speaking broken English: he ignores all the rules, mixes up his syntax and grammar, and yet sometimes produces images that are amazingly vivid. That, or something very much like it, is what Mr. Litwak does in his "Hudson River," his "Hunting," and his curiously explosive "African Jungle."

—ROBERT M. COATES

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT (MARBLE SCHNOZZOLA DIVISION)

[From "The Turnbells," by Taylor Caldwell]

The chiselled nostrils were like marble . . . —Page 9.

Her face became pale stone.—Page 18.

. . . her marble nostrils drew together . . . —Page 22.

. . . her lips turned to stone. —Page 90.

The nostrils of her fine clear nose were dilated, white and carved as marble . . . —Page 137.

She seemed to be congealing into a statue . . . —Page 185.

. . . the exquisite distended nostrils seemed carved from marble. —Page 254.

perfectly paired
by **DUNHILL**



CAPESKIN
5.50

GLOVES
for Gentlemen
IMPORTED
from ENGLAND

...and a Choice Dunhill Cigar!

Both traditionally superior. Smart, sturdy gloves—Britain's best... from 4.00. Havana's choicest cigars... from 6.75 the box of 25. A host of sizes and shapes now available.

alfred dunhill
of London

fifth avenue at fiftieth

Schweppes
GINGER BEER • SODA



for Gin or Rum

**IMPORTED
FROM
ENGLAND**



for all good liquors

Limited quantities still available
at all better stores and bars
Manufactured and Bottled in England by
SCHWEPES, LTD., LONDON

Sole U.S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., 90 West Broadway, N.Y.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED
FICTION

THE DEER ON THE STAIRS, by Louise Field Cooper. Unpretentious but amusing story of some very human city people who have come to live in a small New England town. The heroine, a flamboyant beauty of child-like egocentricity, imagines herself in love with a timid clerk whom she barely knows. Her friends' attempts, recounted with considerable wit, to disentangle her from so preposterous a situation form what there is of plot. Miss Cooper's attitude toward her characters is pleasantly detached, and just when the heroine precipitates a crisis which would get a novelist with deeper psychological interests off to an exciting start, the author washes her hands of the whole business and slyly brings her story to an end.

HOTEL ON THE LAKE, by Robert Smith. Love, meanness, and stupidity among a number of particularly ornery people gathered at a Maine summer hotel during the depression. Guests, employers, and servants are seen through the eyes of a hard-working bellhop, who makes love to an anemic waitress, does a bit of bootlegging, repulses the advances of a vicious rich girl, and at the end of the summer is obliged to blow all his savings to pay for an abortion for the waitress. Mr. Smith has a wide knowledge of how tough, bewildered people act, which makes up in some degree for the story's almost total lack of characterization. Hardly a successful first novel, but one which indicates that its author may do better later on.

GENERAL

NO QUARTER, by Konstantin Simonov. Sketches of the Russian war by a *Red Star* correspondent, but by no means to be classed with the over-simplified material which has sometimes come out of Russia. Though not without their value as propaganda, these pieces are written with a sensibility and penetration that suggest both a more vigorous Bunin and a far more subtle Babel, whose "Red Cavalry" you may recall. One of the pieces, at least, a powerfully developed story called "The Only Son," belongs in the grand tradition of Russian literature. Rendered into English—and very good English, too—by an unnamed translator. Photographs.

TOTAL PEACE, by Ely Culbertson. Mr.

Do your Christmas
book shopping
at

THE SCRIBNER BOOKSTORE

ANY BOOK OF ANY PUBLISHER

You can get any book reviewed or advertised in these pages at the Scribner Bookstore—either by calling in person, by telephone, or by mail.

A convenient place to buy the books you want to give.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BOOKSHOP
597 Fifth Ave. at 48th St. VO. 5-0650

M. F. K. FISHER

THE
Gastronomical
Me

The new book by the author of
HOW TO COOK A WOLF \$2.50
DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

ONE MORE WEEK TO CHRISTMAS!

A well chosen book is a perfect last minute gift. Our stock is still fresh, varied and unusual.



THE BOOK SHOP

5 Grosvenor Building, Providence, Rhode Island

RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL GUILD PLAYING CARDS

POPULARLY PRICED AT BETTER STORES

Western Playing Card Co., Racine, Wis., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Culbertson's forcing bid for world peace, and a full development of the ideas blocked out in his earlier "Summary of the World Federation Plan."

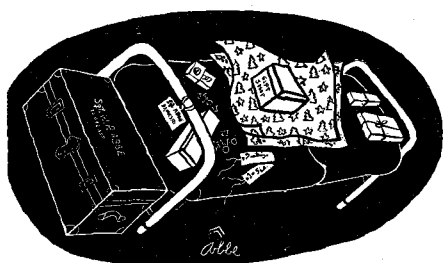
The first part of the book is an argument for a new American foreign policy based on a practical compromise between short-range national security and long-range international organization. The rest of the book is a summation of the plan and the text of the Federation constitution, with a running commentary. You may object to some of the author's hypotheses, but the book deserves your sharp and earnest attention. Plainly written. Diagrams and maps, including a folding map in color.

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, by Otto Zoff, translated from the German by Anne Garrison. How the war is desolating the lives of children all over the world: starvation, cruelty, bombings, homelessness, exile, education in hate and murder. Less a detailed survey than an understanding and compassionate revelation of an almost universal tragedy. Good translation. Introduction by Dorothy Canfield.

CONDITION RED, by Captain Frederick J. Bell, U.S.N. Destroyer action and routine in the South Pacific, as recorded by the skipper of the "G," which made the longest combat cruise in the records of our modern Navy. Captain Bell is a neat writer as well as a professional Navy man, and he makes both points count. In short, well done. Photographs and maps.

ACTION THIS DAY, by Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York. Archbishop Spellman's letters to his father, written during the author's six-month journey, early this year, to England, Ireland, Spain, Italy, North Africa, Palestine, Egypt, Madagascar, and South Africa. The Archbishop, a capable observer, writes in a brisk style. Map.

MONTANA: HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME, by Joseph Kinsey Howard. Superior history of the State of Montana, by an indigenous editor who understands ecology as well as gunplay and who is tearing mad about what a mistaken land policy, mo-



THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

McSorley's Wonderful Saloon, by Joseph Mitchell. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50.)

A full measure of Mr. Mitchell's lusty Profiles and his excursions into the lore of clams, terrapin, and beefsteak. Three tales, too, of Black Ankle County, North Carolina.

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by Nancy Hale. (Scribners, \$2.50.)

Twenty short stories by an author of unusual range and penetration. This is Miss Hale's first book since "The Prodigal Women."

Who's In Charge Here? by George Price. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.)

Another collection of drawings—one hundred and fifty of them—about Mr. Price's queer people and the way they live. Wolcott Gibbs has written a foreword.

Afternoon of a Pawnbroker, by Kenneth Fearing. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.)

Twenty-one poems which, in spite of their lightness of tone, may give you some uneasy moments.

The Dream Department, by S. J. Perelman. (Random House, \$2.)

Twenty-five of Mr. Perelman's famous prose omelets, dealing with dentistry, ladies' underwear, taxes, the love life of Paul Gauguin, and kindred matters.

Heathen Days, by H. L. Mencken. (Knopf, \$3.)

The third volume of Mr. Mencken's memoirs, following "Happy Days" and "Newspaper Days." There's a lot of almost everything here, from the Dayton monkey trial to the author's adventures in the Vatican.

The Way Some People Live, by John Cheever. (Random House, \$2.)

The first collection of Sergeant Cheever's very effective short stories about confused and suffering people. There are thirty stories in all.

Men, Women, and Dogs, by James Thurber. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.)

Practically the definitive Thurber. Some two hundred pages of his drawings of the last ten years, including the "War Between Men and Women" series and all your other favorites. There is a foreword by Dorothy Parker.

A Garland of Straw, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. (Viking, \$2.50.)

Twenty-eight malicious stories about the eccentrics Miss Warner delights in creating. The scene, of course, is England.

G. I. Jungle, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.)

A sequel to "The Army Life," this is Warrant Officer Kahn's good-natured account of an infantryman's adventures among the diggers, Zeros, mosquitoes, and strange mammals of the Southwest Pacific.

Women and Children First, by Sally Benson. (Random House, \$2.)

Short stories, thirty-eight of them, written in the last five years. Funny, touching, or terrifying glimpses into ladies' minds opened by an expert.

Sophie Halenczik, American, by Rose C. Feld. (Little, Brown, \$2.)

Here are gathered all of Miss Feld's experiences with Sophie, the Czechoslovakian domestic, and her family. There are drawings, too, by Alajálov.

All the Year Round, by Robert M. Coates. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.)

In these twenty-eight stories, Mr. Coates deals with all kinds of people, alike only in that most of them have been caught at some tragic climax in their lives.

You're Sitting on My Eyelashes, by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (Random House, \$2.50.)

The first collection of drawings by this hilarious artist who specializes in outrageous children and people with their clothes off.

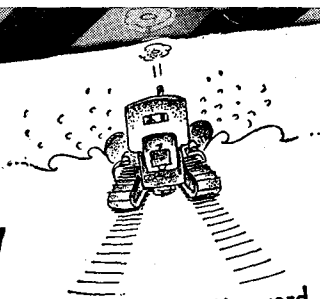
NOW ON SALE

Just published

Katy

AND THE BIG SNOW
BY VIRGINIA LEE BURTON

Virginia Lee Burton, winner of last year's Caldecott award, writes a chapter in the life of Katy, glamorous snow plow of Geopolis. This is the delightful story of the day Katy saved the town. \$2.00



Gigi

BY ELIZABETH FOSTER

Illustrated by Ilse Bischoff

This story of a remarkable merry-go-round horse has its beginning in a famous park in Vienna where Gigi was the favorite mount . . . In every country, Gigi finds children who can talk with him, who understand what merry-go-round horses say. Through all the changing scenes Gigi is real and so are the children." — *The Horn Book*

Price \$2.00

H. M. CO.

Cavanagh Hats



*The standard of excellence most acceptable
to Gentlemen seeking supreme satisfaction
in service and distinction in character.*

247 Park Ave. at 47th St. New York 17

Associates in many cities.

nopoly practices, dust storms, and two wars have done to his native earth. Critical, well informed, and brightly written.

WITH GENERAL CHENNAULT, by Robert B. Hotz, with the assistance of George L. Paxton, Robert H. Neale, and Parker S. Dupouy. Circumstantial history of the organization, training, and combat record of the American Volunteer Group in China from the spring of 1941 to July 4, 1942, when it was taken over by the A.A.F. Conscientious, readable account of a great fighting unit. Photographs and map.

WHERE'S THE MONEY COMING FROM? Guide lines to America's future, as presented to the Twentieth Century Fund by Stuart Chase. Third volume in the Twentieth Century Fund series called "When the War Ends." The author gives us a good deal of rare common sense about such matters as savings, taxes, and the national debt and explains how we will manage to have a national income of something like a hundred and twenty-five billion dollars in 1943. He says flat-out that we have the men, the techniques, and the money to keep a high-level economy going after the war, and shows us the variety of means by which this can be accomplished. Important reading for congressmen, businessmen, and responsible citizens in general. Clearly and simply written.

MY FAVORITE ASSASSIN, by George W. Herald. The strange story of Ernst Werner Techow, one of Walther Rathenau's murderers, who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in 1927, after he had finished serving his time. He has since devoted himself to the study of Jewish problems, helped some seven hundred refugees to escape from Marseilles, and captured twenty-four Germans single-handed in the war in Tunisia. Brief but striking job. First printed in *Harper's*.

THE GRIM REAPERS, by Stanley Johnston. This second book by the author of "Queen of the Flat-Tops" begins as the combat story of the Navy's Fighter Squadron VF-10, called the Grim Reapers, and fans out into a history of most of the sea-air actions in the Pacific from Midway on. Some sloppy writing, but the author has a way of giving professional detail in a telling phrase. Photographs and maps.

GEORGE M. COHAN, by Ward Morehouse. Lively biography of a remarkable figure in the American

theatre, by the Broadway columnist of the *Sun*. The author has done a creditable job of rounding up the sources, and his portrait of Cohan, who was in a sense the precursor of William Saroyan as a dramatist, is at once a fairly understanding, slightly indulgent, and yet respectably critical appraisal. Photographs.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS, by Edward Ringwood Hewitt. Tales drawn from a long, busy, humorous, and distinguished life as lived by the grandson of Peter Cooper. Mr. Hewitt's lively and inventive mind marries itself to a phenomenal memory to produce a mellow collection of informal memories about old New York, trout-fishing, Hiram Maxim, early steam engines, Carnegie, Buffalo Bill, and other matters of long ago. Some of this material earlier appeared in these pages.

SNOOT IF YOU MUST, by Lucius Beebe. Not the Beebe who knows about tropical fish. This is the other Beebe, whose pheasant-laden prose brings us up to date on Café Society (roughly definable as a group of people who evidently prefer Sonny Kendis's music to Count Basie's), a night at Bleek's, wartime San Francisco, Jack Kriendler's Stetsons, and related subjects. Imperturbable sketches by Rea Irvin. Parts of the book have been printed elsewhere.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN WITH THE MONOCLE, by Garnett Weston. An elaborate plot to take over our country is hatched by the Gestapo and the Japs and frustrated by a young archeologist, his girl, and her cousin after one of the wildest goose chases in recent spy fiction. Makes you wonder at times if some limits shouldn't be set on improbabilities in stories of international intrigue.

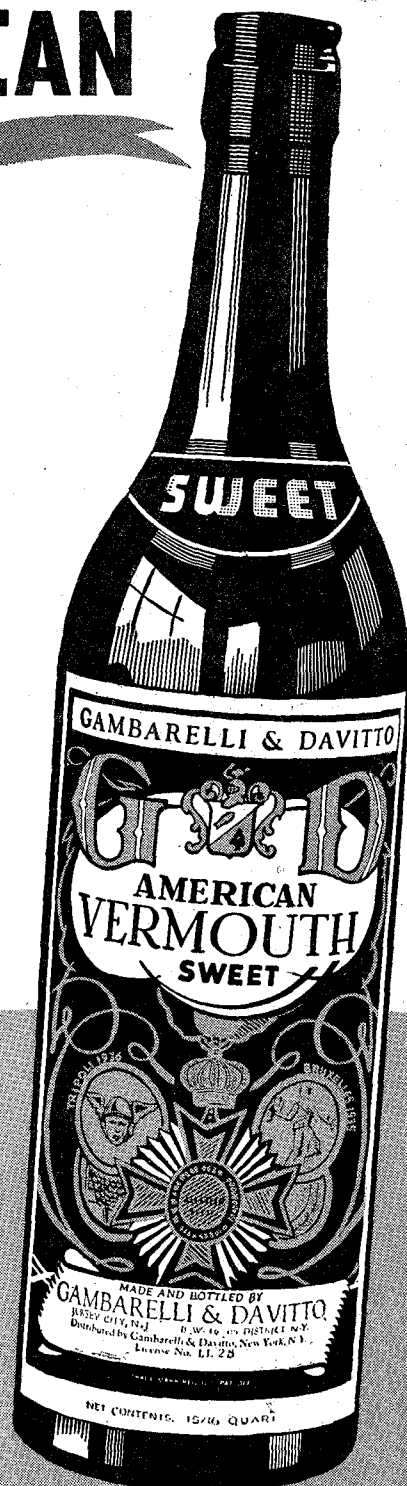
HANGMAN'S TIE, by Christopher Hale. A Miss Picard, who weighs two hundred pounds and is called Pixey by her friends, teams up with the state police to solve a murder implicating a young protégé of hers. Small-town politics, in which Miss Picard has a finger, provides some extra complications. A neatly solved mystery, particularly restful for readers who are tired of the antics of Axis agents.

THE OLD BATTLE-AX, by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Mrs. Herriott, a Long Islander with a conservative outlook, finds herself at loggerheads with the police when she tries to conceal her relationship to her murdered



THE word "imported" has no allure for the man who knows **G&D VERMOUTH!** Long before the war brought its threat of curtailed importations, thousands of clever hosts had been demanding **G&D VERMOUTH** for its richer goodness... its smoother, mellower blending qualities... its spicier fragrance... protected by a treasure of rare herbs and spices gathered from the ends of the earth. **G&D VERMOUTH** is an International prize-winner... but even more important, it is New York's most popular brand! Ask your wine dealer for

G&D
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH



GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO, Inc. • New York

running round
in circles...



going NUTS!

It's a squirrely idea...
even trying to imitate the
taste that can't be copied...

The Grand Old Drink of the South

SOUTHERN COMFORT

FULL 100 PROOF LIQUEUR

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
SAINT LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

**RICH, HEARTY,
MELLOW**
TRY IT AND SEE



Imported
**BLACK
HORSE
ALE**

Brewed and Bottled in Canada
since 1811

On sale at the best places
Mount Royal Importers, Inc.
342 Madison Ave.
Phone: MU 6-2134

sister, who had returned from abroad looking exceedingly tawdry. The solution to the murders in this may strike you as farfetched; as a character sketch, it's shrewd and entertaining.

O, LITTLE STAR OF BETHLEHEM,
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO
FULLY PACKED

[A letter to a fighting man from a tobacco
man back in the homeland]

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

November 19, 1943

Dear —:

Back in April—April 21 to be exact—I wrote our people in the services a letter, sent them a booklet, told them of what we, your associates here at home in The American Tobacco Company, were trying to do to back up you and all the other American boys wherever they may be in the one object that is paramount in all of our minds—the winning of the war.

We all feel here that we are particularly fortunate to be in the tobacco business. We get from men in the service, from the gals in the WACS, WAVES and all the other services, confirmation that cigarettes are playing an ever increasingly important part at this time in offering comfort and morale.

Our radio shows seem to rate very high with the Armed Forces both here and abroad. The cigarettes sent free to the boys overseas are greatly appreciated, and insofar as civilians can, we take comfort in the thought that by paying strict attention to our own business and its development we are contributing a bit to you who are on the firing line.

We have a brand-new Christmas carton for LUCKIES—a Christmas carton that I think is one of the most attractive cigarette packings I have ever seen. And so, just as a gesture of good-will to you who are far away from your company and from your old associates, I am sending you one of these cartons of 200 LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. Remember, please, "LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO—YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO—SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED—SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW."

Remember, too, that once again we here at home are thinking of you, that we wish you Godspeed, and that as is shown by the success of the Third Victory Loan, we all here in America are standing behind you shoulder to shoulder as we go on towards Victory.

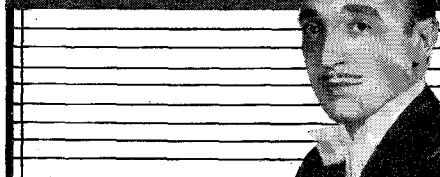
Cordially,

GEORGE W. HILL
President

P.S. In your particular case I am advised that you are overseas, and because of Government regulations I just can't send you that Christmas carton; but attached hereto you will kindly find two (2) good old American dollar greenbacks, which I ask that you invest wherever you may be in the cigarette of your choice,—if I were doing it, it would be LUCKY STRIKE because that's what I always smoke.

G. W. H.

Broadway
Cocktail Lounge
DICK KUHN and his Orchestra



Columbia Room
JOSE MORAND and his Orchestra



NO COVER CHARGE
NO MINIMUM

HOTEL ASTOR
Times Square



Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT

LUNCHEON—COCKTAILS—DINNER

Phone Hicks. 91 12 Noon to 9 P. M.

BETHPAGE, L. I.

BONI'S
Miramar
EXCELLENT
CUISINE
Fine Imported
& Domestic Wines
Cocktails Luncheon Dinner
10 EAST 46th Street, Opposite the Ritz

DECEMBER 18, 1943

DUBONNET

makes two products only...

Dubonnet...the world famous drink

Vermouth by Dubonnet



HOW TO USE DUBONNET...

When holiday hospitality calls for something special, try the celebrated flavor of Dubonnet for mixing drinks that are interesting, distinctive...economical, too. Here are four popular Dubonnet successes...

DUBONNET STRAIGHT: serve well chilled, no ice.

DUBONNET HIGHBALL: jigger of Dubonnet, juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, add ice cubes, fill with soda, stir.

MERRY WIDOW: $\frac{1}{2}$ Dubonnet, $\frac{1}{2}$ dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, serve well chilled, no ice, add twist of lemon peel.

DUBONNET SHERRY: $\frac{1}{2}$ Dubonnet, $\frac{1}{2}$ dry Sherry, serve well chilled, no ice.

TUNE IN! "Your Dubonnet Date" with **XAVIER CUGAT**, every week over the Mutual Network. See your local newspapers for day and time.

★ **BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!**

HOW TO USE VERMOUTH BY DUBONNET...

available sweet or dry

Vermouth, sweet or dry, in the great tradition of Dubonnet...for 97 years a name that has meant quality. See how it improves the flavor and balance of your favorite cocktail...or choose it as a cheerful gift... Vermouth by Dubonnet is always a prized package.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL: $\frac{3}{4}$ rye or bourbon, $\frac{1}{4}$ sweet Vermouth by Dubonnet, 3 dashes bitters, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with cherry.

DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL: $\frac{3}{4}$ dry gin, $\frac{1}{4}$ dry Vermouth by Dubonnet, stir in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, dress with olive.

PRODUCTS OF THE U. S. A.

Dubonnet Aperitif Wine and Vermouth by Dubonnet.

✉ **WRITE FOR FREE "Smart Drink Guide",**
DUBONNET CORP., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

• Camels! More popular than ever is the Camel Christmas carton (below) with its special holiday design and greeting card ready for your message. Inside are ten packages of 20's—in all, 200 slow-burning, cool-smoking Camels with their famous extra flavor and extra mildness.

• A gay gift package of smoking pleasure at its best! It's the Camel Holiday House (left) containing 200 Camels in 4 boxes of "flat fifties." Your dealer's supply may be limited, so do your shopping for this gift package early.

• The largest-selling pipe tobacco in the world—any pipe-smoker will welcome this famous pound package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—the National Joy Smoke (left). Crimp cut for free, easy drawing... "no-bite" treated for mellow mildness.



Camels

If he smokes a cigarette, remember Camels are First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, remember Prince Albert is The National Joy Smoke

Send that man in camp a gift of Prince Albert—he'll welcome that extra measure of mellow, cool-smoking pipe enjoyment!